

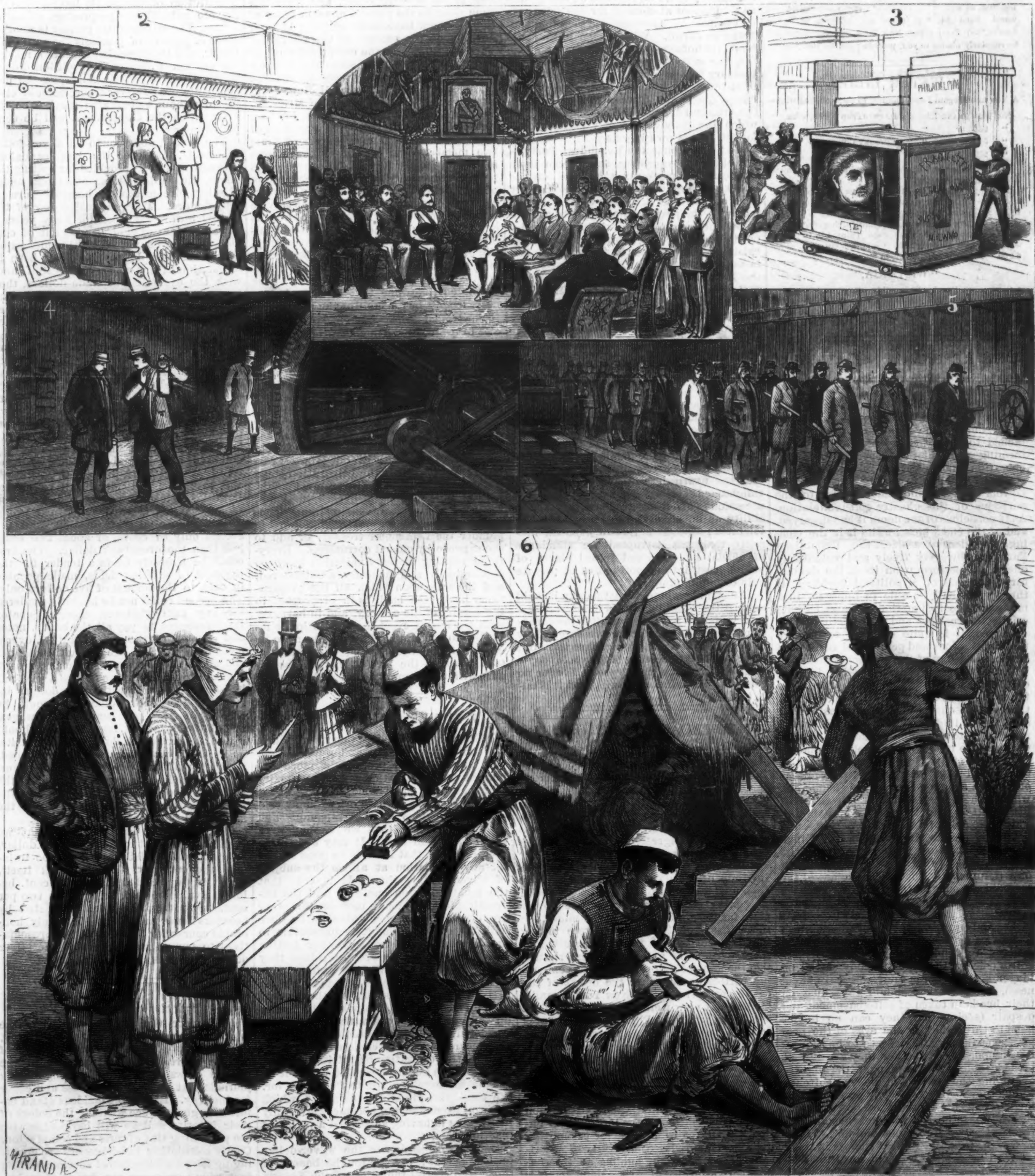
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE PREPARATIONS.—SEE PAGE 163.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1876.

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THE REPUBLICAN HARI-KARI.

IT is well known that when a Japanese dignitary has committed offenses which can be atoned for only by his death, he is graciously allowed to purchase exemption from some of the pains and penalties attached to the forfeiture of his life by performing upon his own person the fatal operation known as *hari-kari*, which consists in resolutely cutting out his own bowels upon a public stage erected for the purposes of this ghastly self-immolation. As if conscious of the doom it has deserved, and of the end which awaits it in the coming Presidential assize, the Republican Party is now very freely and voluntarily offering to perform upon itself the damnable sentence of a political *hari-kari*, if thereby it shall be able to appease, in a measure, the indignation provoked by its crimes, corruptions and shortcomings.

Indeed, it is quite edifying to observe the humiliations and penitential austerities which this party of "great moral ideas" is willing to impose on itself to-day, in view of the deep degradation into which it has fallen from the high estate it once held in the eyes of the people, when, instead of smiting on its breast, and crying for the mercy due to miserable sinners, it was accustomed to rejoice in the self-complacent assurance of its political virtue, and to thank God that its votaries were not as other men are, nor even as the Democrats, whom it held in special aversion as being little better than the children of Belial. This spectacle of a whole party professing penitence for its sins, and exulting in a sudden conversion from the error of its ways, would, we say, be a very edifying one, if, unhappily, the circumstances of the case did not suggest that all this contrition of spirit and brokenness of heart might be rather simulated than real. It is entirely right and proper that our Republican friends, when they meet in council, should proceed to induce themselves with hair-shirts (seeing that the "bloody shirt" no longer serves to hide their political nakedness), and that they should cast dust on their heads in token of self-abasement and despair (seeing that they can no longer hope to throw dust in the eyes of the people). Yet it may still deserve to be a question among them whether they are not at present somewhat in danger of slightly overdoing the new rôle of heavy penitence which they have so suddenly prescribed to themselves, for there is every reason to suspect that the rôle has been assumed in view of the wrath to come, and not, it is to be feared, from any radical change in their political hearts. It was not until the desperate aspect of his affairs left him no other resource, that Henry IV. of Germany humbled himself to appear barefooted, and clad in only a single garment, before the outer court of the castle of Canossa, and if the Roman Pontiff allowed him to cool his

heels in that court from day to day, without being in any haste to remove the ban of excommunication under which the offending prince had been placed, it was in part because of the fact that his contrition had come a little too late to be an acceptable offering to the titular head of Christendom.

The leaders of the Republican Party are making an unreasonable draught on the credulity of the American people when they ask us to believe that the miracle of Pentecost has come to be repeated on the stage of our contemporary politics. We are entirely willing that they should offer themselves as a living sacrifice on the altars of their country, as, indeed, they seem quite disposed to do, if we may judge from the tenor of their deathbed utterances whenever the chosen representatives of the party assemble nowadays in solemn conclave to make a public profession of their political faith. But we are not willing that the political *hari-kari* which they are now performing on themselves with such a flourish of the sacrificial knives used in the penal ceremony should be imposed on the people as a sufficient atonement for the misdeeds of the party. They manage these matters better in Japan. When a man lets out his bowels in homage to the majesty of Japanese law, the action on his part is merely preliminary to the *coup de grace* which is administered to him by the sword of the executioner, who hastens to complete on the criminal's neck the sentence of death which the convict has only partially performed on his own bowels.

We believe that the Republican Party is mistaken in supposing that it can save its neck by performing *hari-kari* on its bowels. The latter operation has already gone so far that it will be a mere act of mercy on the part of the people to put the culprit organization out of its misery by putting an end to its painful and lingering existence, as well as to its crimes. For instance, it was but a few days ago that the Republicans of Massachusetts met in State Convention, and selected Mr. John E. Sanford to act as their permanent president. Before he had taken the chair, Mr. Sanford proceeded to perform political *hari-kari* for his party by hacking and slashing its bowels after the following fashion: "The protest of the people is not against the record or creed of our party, but against the methods of administration; against dominant influences and tendencies that have debased the character and tone of the public service; against a leadership that has yielded power and patronage for its own ends, and not for the public good; against a partisanship narrow, intense and violent, that has usurped the place of broad and enlightened statesmanship, and repelled accessions of recognized character and ability as an element too repugnant to be tolerated; against a tide of financial morality that has corrupted the standards of official honesty, and turned places of public trust into opportunities of private gain or public plunder."

If anything worse than this can be said against the worst of parties in its worst estate, we fail to have met with it in the annals of political history; and we venture mildly to suggest that a party which thus tears out its bowels in the presence of the whole people must not expect a new lease of life for no better reason than for showing that it is unfit to live.

THE APPROACHING EXPOSITION.

THE propriety of celebrating in 1876 the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the American Colonies and the foundation of the Republic of the United States has been discussed in the papers for many years, and in the Winter of 1870 the subject was presented to Congress, and a lively competition arose as to the proper city for holding the celebration. The American Institute of New York held a meeting and appointed a committee to draft a memorial suggesting New York city as the proper place for the anniversary; at the same time the citizens of Philadelphia were urging the claims of that city upon Congress, and there were fears at one time entertained that the want of union between the contending parties would cause the defeat of the entire enterprise. The New York committee was not very well supported by public sentiment, while the Philadelphia delegates were zealous and active, and were sustained by their constituents with promises of all the pecuniary aid that could be desired. The defeat of New York was, therefore, a foregone conclusion, and Congress designated Philadelphia as the proper place for holding the great International Exhibition in commemoration of the birth of our nation. "An Act to provide for celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, by holding an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine, in the city of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six," was approved March 3d, 1871, and the first meeting and organization of the

United States Centennial Commission, appointed by the President of the United States upon the recommendation of the Governors of the several States and Territories, pursuant to the Act of Congress, was held at the Continental Hotel, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 4th of March, 1872. Twenty-nine Commissioners and Alternate Commissioners were present at the first meeting, and after appointing Mr. Atwood, of Wisconsin, Chairman *pro tem.*, the Commissioners proceeded in a body to Independence Hall to meet the Mayor, the Select and Common Councils, and representatives of Corporate bodies of the city of Philadelphia. They were received in a neat and appropriate speech of Mayor Stokely, which was responded to on behalf of the Commissioners by Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut. Mr. Joseph R. Hawley was subsequently elected President of the Commission, and Mr. Lewis Wain Smith Secretary. Mr. Henry Probasco, of Ohio, having resigned, Mr. Alfred T. Goshorn was appointed in his place, and took his seat May 23d, 1872. The Commission was now in full working order, and from this time down to the present moment many of the members have been untiring in their devotion to the success of the enterprise. Various changes in the composition of the Board have taken place since the first organization, occasioned by resignations. The place of Mr. J. V. L. Pruyn, of New York, was filled by the appointment of Mr. N. M. Beckwith, and Mr. A. T. Goshorn, of Ohio, was elected to the responsible position of Director-General. The accession of these two members has proved of the utmost importance to the Board. The first, by his previous experience at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, was able, as a member of the Executive Committee, to render great service in the organization of the system of awards and in working out the plans of the Exhibition; the latter, by his executive ability, has kept the expenses within the estimates, and now enjoys the signal triumph of knowing that the Administration is ready at the appointed time, and that if there is any delay it must be the fault of the exhibitors.

The Commissioners have had great obstacles to overcome. They have been met by the most chilling apathy and obstinate opposition in most of the States, and in no part of the country has any warm sympathy or cordial support been extended to them. Still they have persevered, and one after another of the obstacles has been removed, until now on the eve of the opening they have the consciousness that everything has been done in the most thorough and efficient manner. There was at one time great regret expressed that the celebration could not be conducted as a Government affair. In the light of recent events it is now regarded as a most fortunate circumstance that no public officer has been allowed to plunder the Centennial treasury or add to the expense by official corruption. Everything relating to the Exhibition has been economically and honestly administered, and the scale upon which all the preparations have been made is in proportion to the dignity of the country, and in harmony with the august event the Exhibition is intended to celebrate. There appears to be no doubt that the opening exercises will take place on the 10th of May, in accordance with the programme adopted in March.

THE SILVER DOLLAR PROJECT.

THE scheme now before Congress to drive out the gold coins and replace them with silver dollars proposes a more important change in the money of the country than has been made since the issue of the legal-tender notes. There are so many conclusive objections to this rapacious and dishonest project, that we cannot even enumerate them here. It may be said, in the first place, that there is no good reason for any legislation at all on the subject of silver at this time. It is true that the inflationists on one side and the impracticable hard-money men on the other are clamoring for something to be done with the currency, but it is impossible to find any half-dozen men of either faction who agree as to the precise things they would do if they could have things their own way. The conclusion at which we arrived long ago was, that in the present state of business and of popular intelligence on the currency question the only safety consisted in letting things alone. Not that a statesmanlike measure could not be devised for assisting the nation out of its troubles, but that with Congress constituted as it is, such a measure was not to be hoped for. We think this silver-dollar scheme, which is not at all unlikely to become a law, fully justifies us in having advocated a policy of inaction.

Our first objection to the silver-dollar project is that it is a job for the benefit of those who control the stock of the Nevada silver mines. The substitution of silver for fractional currency, which was voted a year ago, and which is now being carried into operation, was also a job for the benefit of the same parties. The premature circu-

lation of silver change will throw the specie currency of the Pacific States into irreparable confusion, since that section of the country will be flooded with dimes, quarters and half-dollar pieces which must be accepted there as fractions of a gold dollar in all payments of less than five dollars, and which may be obtained here in almost unlimited quantities at par, or at most a petty premium, for greenbacks. The consequence must be that small change will be a nuisance in California, while we in this part of the Union will experience a continual scarcity, the beginning of which is already apparent. But, worse than that, we are exposed to the danger of losing our small change entirely by a trifling advance in the prices of either gold or silver, while continual hoarding will also operate to produce a constant scarcity. The present low price of silver, which could not have been foreseen at the time of the passage of the so-called Resumption Act of 1875, must be regarded simply as a stroke of undeserved good luck, and by no means as a vindication of what is essentially a disgraceful prostitution of the public interests to the private gain of the proprietors of silver mines. The silver-dollar project is another piece of jobbery of precisely the same character, and its object is to secure a market for another thirty or forty million dollars worth of silver, which cannot, in the present state of the silver trade, be sold elsewhere without a great abatement from the price which the Government will be compelled to pay.

The second objection to the silver-dollar scheme is, that even if a less scandalous arrangement were provided for getting the silver, the United States could not, under existing circumstances, honestly turn it into dollars. The practical dollar of the United States has been for forty years a certain weight of gold, leaving out of consideration, of course, the legal-tender paper dollar. Silver dollars have not been in circulation in this country since 1837, and, with the exception of trade dollars, they have not been coined since 1853. Leaving out the trade dollars, the whole amount of silver dollars issued from the mint since the origin of the Government does not aggregate much more than the total of five-cent nickel pieces coined within the last few years. In 1873 the silver dollar was abolished, and under existing laws no piece of silver is legal-tender for a greater sum in one payment than five dollars. Two coins are now proposed—the one by Senator Sherman to weigh 412.8 grains, and to be legal tender for no more than twenty dollars at a time; and the other, by Senators Jones and Boggy, to weigh 399.9 grains, and to be legal tender in all payments. Both these pieces are to be called dollars, though the first is worth at present prices of silver only 90 cents in gold, and the second only 87 cents, or about two cents less than the greenback dollar. The first could be honestly made a tender for the payment of existing debts, made payable in coin, to the amount of five dollars only. The second could not be honestly tendered for any sum whatever, though Senator Boggy proposes to pay all the bonds, notes and coupons of the United States Government with it. But the difficulties do not end here. Let us suppose a man to have engaged to labor for two dollars a day. If he should be paid with Boggy dollars instead of greenback dollars, he would be robbed of two per cent. of his wages, and if the issue of Boggy dollars should cause the greenback dollars to depreciate, as it surely would, he would be robbed, whether paid in greenbacks or in silver. It is impossible to lower the value of the money of a country without injury to the laboring classes, for their wages are the last to feel the inflating influence.

The third and last objection that we shall urge, is, that to issue a silver dollar, weighing only 399.9 grains, will be to inflate the currency, the greenback itself, which is depreciated eleven per cent. below the value of gold, being worth two per cent. more than the coins advocated by Senators Jones and Boggy. The only honorable course for Senators and Representatives to pursue with regard to the silver dollar project, is to drop it at once.

BOATS AND BOATING.

ONCE more the frequent splash of the oar is heard at our seats of learning, and the signs of the season are ominous of aquatic sport. One and another of the college crews send word to neighboring journals that they are in harness and eager for the fray. Expectant maidens stand before the glass to see whether the colors of their favorite college will harmonize with the prevailing tint of curls and complexion. Coolly calculating hotel-keepers are counting up the possible gains of accommodating four where only one can be comfortable, and making a meal for forty answer for a hundred on a pinch, when the regatta comes off. Even the staid old professor of ancient languages, who has lived among the dead until he resembles a mummy, watches the

practicing crew with eager zest and breaks forth into a shrill "Incumbite remis!"

These are the halcyon days of our college youth. Forgotten for ever be the time when the pupils of Harvard were solemnly whipped in presence of the President, and the rollicking boys of Yale had the terror of the strap held up before their eyes. Nowadays the college-men look upon their revered preceptors as necessary evils, and, while paying due honor to Euclid and Sophocles, court the triumphs of the gymnasium and the boating course. The modern student is no dyspeptic bookworm, bent and aged prematurely by consumption of the midnight oil. On the contrary, he believes in developing his muscle, and has been found an ugly customer to handle whenever there has come a contest between town and gown. Thus far he has done well, and doubtless, for the rest, he will remember that there is a manifest danger in carrying the cultivation of muscle to such a point as to interfere with the proper culture of the mind. Should he forget, it is altogether probable that the various professors will recall it to his mind, and examination-day will infallibly point out to him the error of his way. In the meantime, therefore, newspaper sermons on this special point may be spared.

The rise and spread of the boating fever in our American colleges is one of the healthiest signs of the time. There was always a vast amount of superfluous physical energy among certain of the students, and it was wont to develop itself in pulling off door-knobs, carrying away gates and signs, filling chapel and recitation-room with new-mown hay, and in other such tricks as brought the offender to condign punishment when caught. Now this energy can expend itself in a legitimate channel. It can go into training for the race until its superabundance of spirits is becomingly toned down, and tug at the oar until nothing is left but the desire for rest and sleep. Best of all, too, it has a goal and a victor's laurel. Not for naught are the labor and self-denial of training. Amid the flashing of ten thousand bright eyes, and the plaudits of twice as many fair hands, to which an innumerable host of masculine attendants join their more uproarious praises, the victorious crew press the sharp prow to the point of victory, and taste the first sweet draught of fame. It were almost worth while to miss of literary honors, if they must be surrendered as the price of standing amid the triumphant six who have brought new credit to their Alma Mater.

The country hopes to hear good tidings of her college oarsmen during the Centennial Year. At one time there was hope that Oxford and Cambridge would enter the friendly contest, but now it is evident that the strife will be simply national. In this contest all local and other prejudices should be dropped. If, as before has happened, one of the smaller colleges bears away the palm, its larger brethren must learn to bear defeat in patience. That Columbia and Cornell have brought home laurels argues no fault with the New England colleges. The course is free to all, and the conditions of the race are fair to all alike. If a better crew than that of Columbia and Cornell comes to raise its colors in triumph at the masthead, New York will gracefully resign her pretensions, and be content to try again. There is room for each contestant at the victor's stake as well as along the course, and the exercise is so healthful and superb, that the list of entries should grow apace. Indeed, it is already whispered that the list of entries has been so widely extended, that it includes those by whom the college boys would least care to be defeated. Rumor affirms that the young ladies of Vassar are practicing with a view to teach the men of New England and the Middle States that woman has not only the right but the ability to maintain her equality in a fair field. Should Vassar College send a crew to the intercollegiate race, it will make the Centennial Year doubly memorable in aquatic annals. In any event, it behooves the young men to bend to their oars. Laurels grow by cultivation, and not through chance.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING APRIL 30, 1876.

Monday.....	112½ @ 112½	Thursday... 112½ @ 112½
Tuesday.....	112½ @ 112½	Friday..... 112½ @ 112½
Wednesday....	112½ @ 112½	Saturday... 112½ @ 112½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AN INNOVATION.—The Parisians are trying to abolish the custom of gratuities to waiters in cafés and restaurants. The crusade is difficult—hopeless even, for the garçons are not only paid by the few sous given by the customers, but often the proprietor has his share also of these gratuities, which, collected in an urn throughout the day, are divided on the nightly closing of the establishment. There are 30,000 of these waiters in Paris, and they are employed from seven in the morning until after midnight. The Parisian café waiter is proverbial for his smart appearance; hair well dressed, whiskers bushy, chin well shaved, quick and atten-

tive, obsequious and reserved. His costume consists of black cloth, with white apron closely fastening round the waist; light shoes without heels; he serves two persons at once, answering ten at the same time, and winks to the butler when a new client appears.

CRIMINAL LAW EVIDENCE.—A Bill has lately been in the English House of Commons to amend the law of evidence in criminal cases, and to enable prisoners or defendants and their wives and husbands to give evidence in such trials. Evidence given is to be subject to cross-examination. Besides giving evidence, a prisoner or defendant may address a jury. Before magistrates, with respect to persons charged with indictable offenses, a prisoner may make a statement upon oath or not, and may be cross-examined. Such statements are not to be used against a prisoner or defendant if he intends to offer himself as a witness on the trial, except as to previous statements.

CENTENNIAL COIN.—A Bill has been introduced in Congress to authorize the coinage of "Centennial coins," providing that there shall be coined at the Mint of the United States, at Philadelphia, a dollar of 25 grammes, or 385 8-10 grains troy; also, a half-dollar of proportionate weight, of standard silver, with the same allowance for deviations from the standard weight and fineness as is prescribed by law for the trade-dollar. The devices, emblems and inscriptions of these coins shall be the same as those prescribed by law for the gold and silver coin of the United States, but such modifications shall be made as may be necessary to illustrate Dana Bickford's system of international coinage and allow the words, "First Centennial of America's Independence," to be plainly inscribed on the coin. This coin to be a legal tender in any sum less than \$5, and such coinage to be limited and cease December 31st, 1876.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS ON RAILROADS.—In Philadelphia April 15th, Judge Elcock laid down a somewhat novel law of the street-car in a suit for damages against the West Philadelphia Railway Company. A woman riding in one of the crowded cars, and not holding by the strap, was thrown down by a jar in stopping the car, and had her knee-cap fractured. Judge Elcock charged the jury that women are bound to hold on to the straps suspended from the roof, "if they can do it conveniently," but, at the same time, that women are not to be held to the same rule as men in such cases. The jury was further instructed that the court would not set aside their verdict on account of excessive damages unless they were "grossly exorbitant," or unless "unfairness, prejudice or mistake were shown." Under these rulings the jury gave the plaintiff \$5,500 damages, and the court refused to set aside the verdict or grant a new trial.

THE WINSLOW MATTER.—Secretary Fish's communication respecting the extradition of Winslow was delivered to the British Foreign Office on April 22d, but is unanswered yet. It is not known what course will be pursued when Winslow's time expires. The ground taken by Secretary Fish is that clause twenty-seven of the Act of 1870, under which the British Government claims that America should give an assurance that the prisoner shall be tried for no other offense than the one for which he is extradited, specifies that whatever is inconsistent with existing treaties shall be excepted from the operation of that Act. America has presented this point several times, but England so far has ignored it. The assertion by the London papers that America had refused to give the assurance required by England is incorrect, as America has never admitted or consented to discuss that question at all.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.—John Brown, Queen Victoria's "Gillie," has again furnished the English public with a sensation. Prince Christian, who is the Ranger of Windsor Forest, proposed before the close of the pheasant season to have a small shooting party of his own friends. As is the custom in such cases, he submitted the names to her Majesty, and they were approved, with the hope that Mr. Brown should be included in the number. The prince politely bowed to this request, but instead of sending out the invitations as he had intended, he withheld them, and he and "Mr. Brown" had the sport to themselves. The Queen, however, was by no means satisfied with this arrangement, and as the slight came from the one member of the royal circle for whom her Majesty has a profound regard, and whom she consults more than any other member of her family, this little annoyance was felt with all the more acuteness.

THE STEWART LEGACIES.—The legacies regularly provided for in A. T. Stewart's will have been paid, but the sums of \$1,000 to each employee of twenty years' standing, and \$500 to each who had been in service ten years, which Mrs. Stewart is told by her husband's letter to bestow, have not been disbursed. The delay is caused by making out the lists, a search of old account-books being necessary to ascertain the claimants' length of employment. There is considerable anxiety among employees who were in Mr. Stewart's service a few months less than ten years, as those expect to be included among the beneficiaries. So, too, men whose records show gaps of absence are troubled by doubts. Another expectant class are those who served ten years or more, but were not in Mr. Stewart's employ at the time of his death. Mrs. Stewart has received many applications from those who do not feel assured of their success. It is said that several have sold their chances to speculators.

A VAST SCHEME.—An American engineer, Mr. Spalding, has submitted to the Geographical Commission of Russia a remarkable report upon the Caspian and Black Seas. Mr. Spalding maintains that the Caspian is drying up, and will slowly become a desert, while the diminution of rainfall will destroy the surrounding territories. This, he says, has already occurred in historic times, whole countries having been desolated by the shrinkage of the Caspian. He recommends that a deep and broad cutting should be made from the Caspian westward, to a point where it would be five metres below the level of the Black Sea, and a smaller cut-

ting from that point to the Black Sea. The water of the latter, which is fifteen metres higher than that of the Caspian, would then cut a deep and broad channel for itself, and refill the Caspian to its old level, giving, in fifty years, straight ocean communication between the Mediterranean and Persia.

CHINESE TROUBLES.—Two formidable insurrections are now disturbing the peace of China, one in "Kivorying," which has gained great strength, the rebels having been joined by the imperial troops sent to quell the rebellion. Several interior cities have been taken and are now held by the rebels. The second insurrection is in Shan-see, the importance of which may be estimated by the fact that the Viceroy of Kiang is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of 10,000,000 taels, equivalent to \$14,000,000, expressly to pay the troops and purchase arms and material to subdue the rebels. The payment of the loan is to be secured by the hypothecation of the customs collections at the ports on the Yang-tee Kiang River.

PRESIDENTIAL CURRENTS.—Five States held Conventions on April 27th, for the selection of delegates to the National Conventions which both parties are to hold in June. The Republican National Convention is to meet at Cincinnati on the 14th of that month, and the Democratic at St. Louis on the 27th. As it stands now, the Republican favorites are Conkling, Blaine, Morton and Bristow, with the odds on Conkling, and the probabilities rather in favor of Bristow. The Democracy do not seem to be equally prepared with their opponents to declare decided preferences in behalf of any individual candidate. Governor Tilden has unquestionably a strong following, but the impression prevails that both parties are likely to concentrate upon some person not yet prominently recognized as aspiring to Presidential honors, and possibly not identified solely with politics or parties. The New York Democratic State Convention of April 27th left room for such an issue, by simply expressing its preference for Mr. Tilden, but instructing its delegates to acquiesce in the views of the majority at the St. Louis National Convention.

MR. MOODY'S INCOME.—Much natural curiosity has been expressed as to the source from which Mr. Moody derives his means of subsistence while conducting his revival work. The *Evening Post* explains the matter. Mr. Moody is constantly receiving from friends in this country and from friends in Europe, from men and women living in almost every locality that he has ever visited, voluntary gifts of money—thank-offerings, so to speak—for the good which these persons believe that Mr. Moody has done them, expressions of their affection and gratitude. It is not known how much money Mr. Moody has obtained from this prolific source. It is not known even that Mr. Moody has kept an account of it himself. Sometimes he has been known to return to a donor the amount of the contribution, because the manner or the measure of the gift did not please him. But such known instances are few. Mr. Moody alone—if indeed he is able—can tell the financial gain that the revival and his other revivals have brought to him. The secret is just now his own. But the opinion is freely expressed—not by the Executive Committee, but by other gentlemen—that during the last year Mr. Moody's income has not been less than the least of the incomes of our other metropolitan preachers.

THE BELKNAP IMPEACHMENT.—It is by no means a certain thing yet that Ex-Secretary Belknap will be impeached by the United States Senate. The right of that body to proceed to such an extreme length with a person after he has ceased to be a public officer still remains as undecided as it did when the point was first raised immediately after Mr. Belknap's resignation. On April 28th the Senate decided to proceed with the case on the 4th of May, at which time the argument upon the question of jurisdiction will begin. In discussing whether Belknap is impeachable, the questions of fact as to whether he had actually resigned previous to his impeachment, and whether his resignation to avoid impeachment did not vitiate the validity of the resignation, will be presented, in connection with the purely legal issue in regard to a man's responsibility to the High Court after he has ceased to be an official for acts done during his official career. Thus in a single argument the issues of law and fact can be presented for decision. The question is an important one, and its settlement will be looked for with a degree of interest entirely irrespective of Mr. Belknap's fate. Should the Senate decide to try Belknap it certainly has the power to bring Delano, Williams, Cresswell and several other ex-Cabinet officers to a similar tribunal, should articles of impeachment be prepared against those parties also.

A THREATENED INNOVATION.—The attention of American citizens is challenged by a proposition now pending in Congress for modifying the operation of the writ of habeas corpus. It is contemplated in fact to seriously restrict the operation of that right in cases of arrest made by the order of either House of Congress, and it would be well for our national legislators to ponder deeply over the issues involved in such a limitation of civil rights before giving it their sanction. The Bill in question, introduced in the House of Representatives, April 21st, by Mr. Knott, of Kentucky, provides that the Supreme Court shall have original and exclusive jurisdiction to issue the writ of habeas corpus in all cases where the party shall be detained or restrained of his liberty by the authority or under the orders of either House of Congress; that whenever it shall appear by the petition that the party is detained or restrained of his liberty by the authority of either House of Congress before any State or United States Judge or court other than the Supreme Court of the United States, the writ shall be denied if not issued, or dismissed if issued; that if any such State or United States Judge, or court other than the Supreme Court, award a writ of habeas corpus in such cases, the Supreme Court may award a writ of prohibition, and that if the Supreme Court shall not be in session at the time, any Judge of such court may take such action, with a right of appeal to the Supreme Court.

DEPARTMENT PAPERS.—Some comment has been excited by the refusal of Secretary Bristow to turn over to a Congressional Committee certain official papers filed in his department previous to his incumbency. Mr. Bristow offered to furnish free access to the documents or to furnish full copies, but refused to suffer the originals to be taken away, on the ground that they are connected with the current work of his office, and could not be spared without detriment to the public interests. The average citizen will fail to see any weakness in Mr. Bristow's position. The fact is, that the investigating business which is absorbing so much of our Congressmen's time has already deprived several of the departments of valuable records and subjected those bureaus to serious inconvenience. One of the committees has in its possession vouchers from the Post Office Department amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. They have been in the possession of the committee for several months, and yet the Chairman refuses to return them to the department. In some instances these papers get before committees whose clerks have been discharged at some time from the departments because they were not considered proper persons to be in charge of Government papers. The law makes the heads of the departments custodians of the public records, and some of them already have reason to fear that they have responded too liberally to the applications of investigating committees.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

MR. BELKNAP's replication filed, alleging that he did not resign in order to avoid impeachment.

THE California Republicans, April 27th, elected Blaine delegates to the Cincinnati Convention.

DOM PEDRO started for the East from San Francisco, via Chicago, on Saturday, April 29th.

HALLETT KILBOURNE was released on \$5,000 bail by order of the United States Supreme Court.

At the annual meeting of the Silk Association of America it was shown that American silk manufacturing had made great progress.

THE investigation of Charles O'Connor's connection with the Forrest divorce case was held, April 29th, and closed, no accusers appearing.

SERIOUS charges of mismanagement and brutal treatment preferred against the physicians of the Government Insane Asylum in Washington, D. C.

MRS. BOGGS, the wife of General Grant's former business partner, disclosed the sale of a pension agency in Missouri, by herself, for \$100 per month.

CHARGES were published against Senator Morton, accusing him of having, while Governor of Indiana during the war, misappropriated \$250,000 of a Government appropriation.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON refused to appear before the Advisory Council Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church, but offered to submit his issue with Mr. Beecher to an impartial jury.

IN the Bristow investigation Judge Hubbell testified relative to the release of the bark *Mary Merritt*, and was cross-examined by Mr. Bristow. The adverse testimony was regarded as unimportant.

THE New York Democratic State convention at Utica, April 27th, elected a full delegation to St. Louis, reindorsed the platform of 1874-75, and presented the name of Samuel J. Tilden for President.

GENERAL RUFUS INGALLS, U. S. A., testified before Investigating Committee that the charges against him of aiding in the introduction of a patent moth-extinguisher into the Quartermaster's Department were false.

THE Republican State Convention of Massachusetts elected E. R. Hoar, Richard H. Dana, Jr., J. M. Forbes, and President Paul A. Chadbourne delegates at large to Cincinnati. The delegation was left unpledged. Resolutions commending Mr. Bristow and Mr. Blaine severally were offered, but not acted on.

Foreign.

HUNGARY sought for further concessions from Austria.

THE French steamer *Quessant*, from Brest, foundered at sea, 21 lives being lost.

THE Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur received a grand ovation in Madrid.

THE Egyptian Army began its homeward march, supposed to be a forced retreat from Abyssinia.

IN the British House of Commons the assent to the Royal Titles Bill was announced, April 27th.

THE London *Gazette*, April 28th, contained the proclamation of Queen Victoria's new title of Empress of India.

ELECTION of representatives in Denmark. The opposition to the Government party returned a strong majority.

THE London journals supported the position taken by the British Government in the Winslow extradition case.

THE Emperor of Austria promised to intervene to effect a peaceful termination of the Serbian insurrection in Turkey.

EXTENSIVE riots occurred throughout Barbadoes. Plantations were sacked, houses destroyed, and forty rioters were shot.

THE Khédive of Egypt decided to accept the French Syndicate's plan for the unification of the bonded and floating debt of Egypt.

A BILL introduced in the English House of Commons to remove electoral disabilities of women, was rejected, April 26th, by a vote of 239 to 162.

THE Governor-General of Poland resigned because the Russian Government refused to appoint one Polish-speaking judge in every prominent town in Poland.

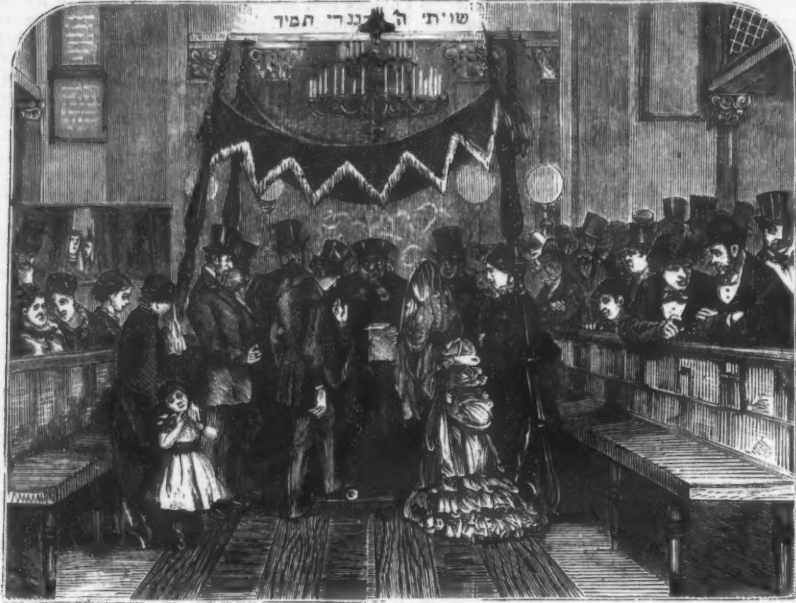
A THEATRE in Rouen, France, was destroyed by fire, April 26th. Eight persons were burned to death, and four killed and fifteen wounded in the effort to save them.

WINLOW, the forger, will be released by the British authorities at noon, May 3d, in consequence of the refusal of the American Government to acquiesce in the demands of England.

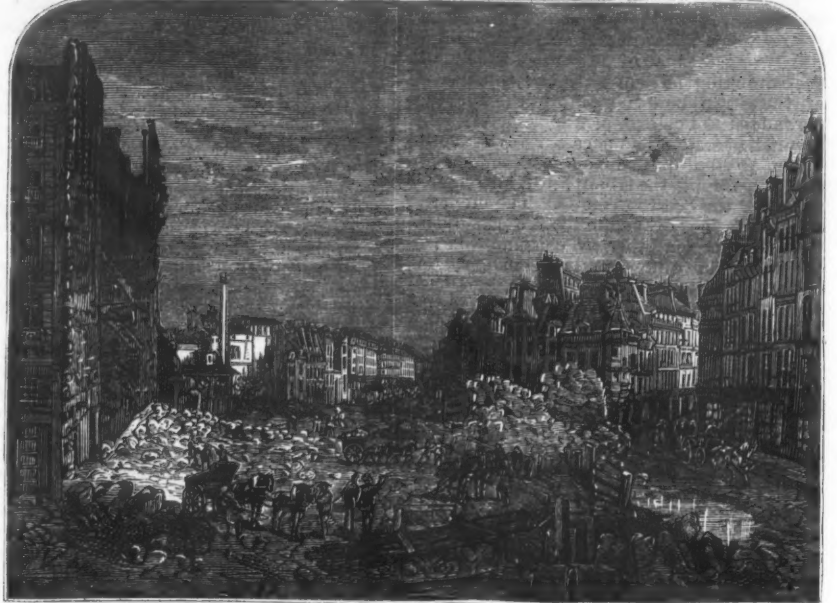
COUNT VON ARNIM sentenced at Potsdam to dismissal from the public service and the payment of costs of proceedings. His impeachment before the Court of State for high treason is to begin May 11th.

THE Queen's proclamation of her assumption of the new title of "Empress of India" was read in public, May 1st, at the Royal Exchange and Charing Cross. The reading of the proclamation was greeted with cheers and hisses.

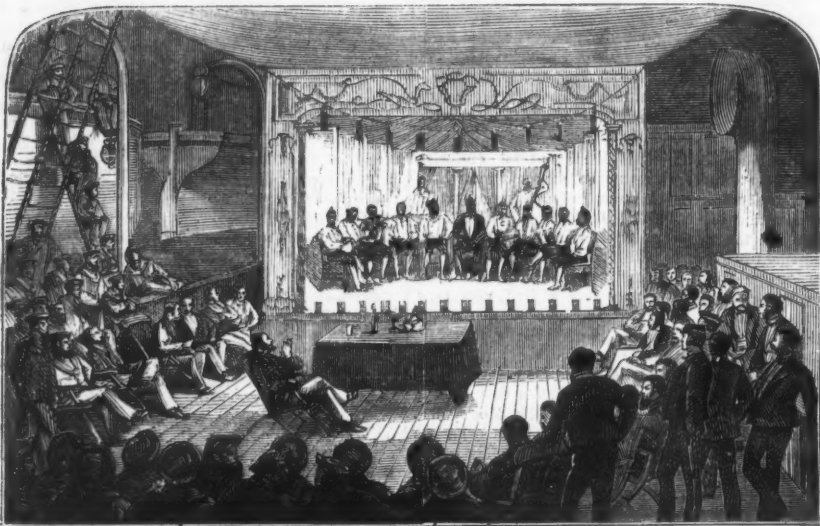
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 159.



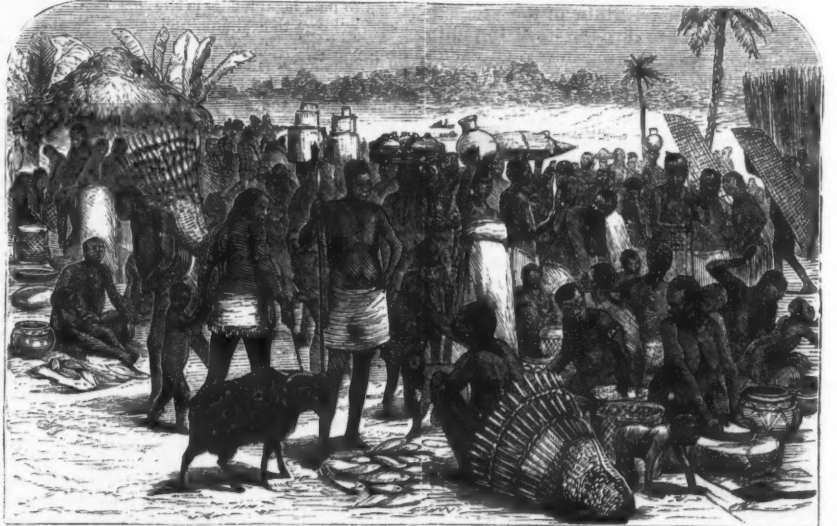
ENGLAND.—A JEWISH WEDDING AT THE SYNAGOGUE, ALDGATE, LONDON.



FRANCE.—OPENING THE BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN IN PARIS.



THE ROYAL TRIP TO INDIA.—SAILORS ENTERTAINING THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS."



AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION—A SOKO OR MARKET AT KAMELE.



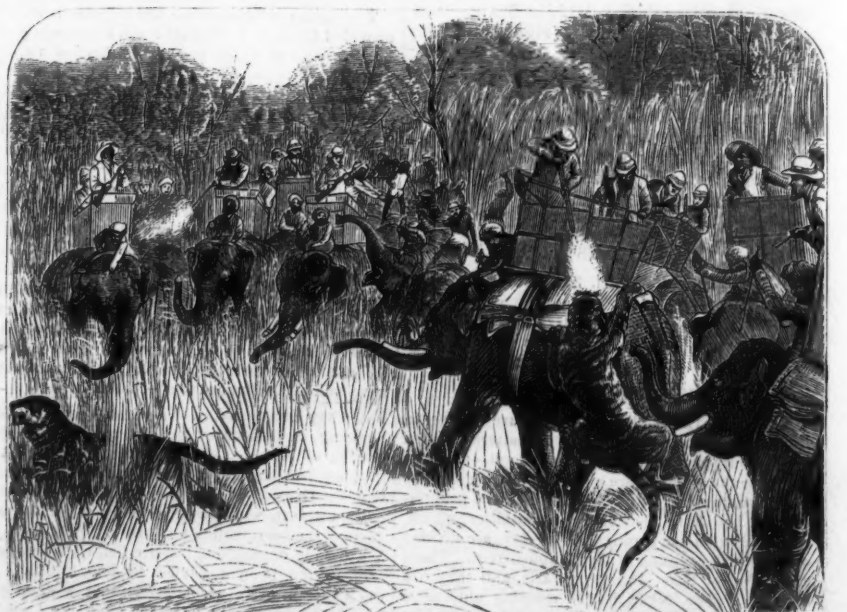
ENGLAND.—THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE, APRIL 8TH—THE STRUGGLE AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE—CAMBRIDGE LEADING.



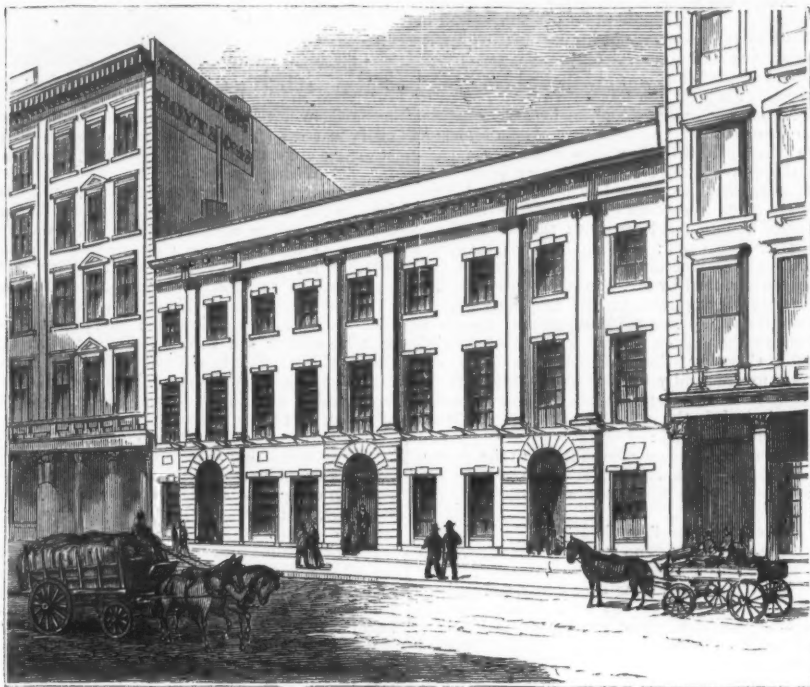
ITALY.—A FLORENTINE EASTER—"LO SCOPIO DEL CARRO."



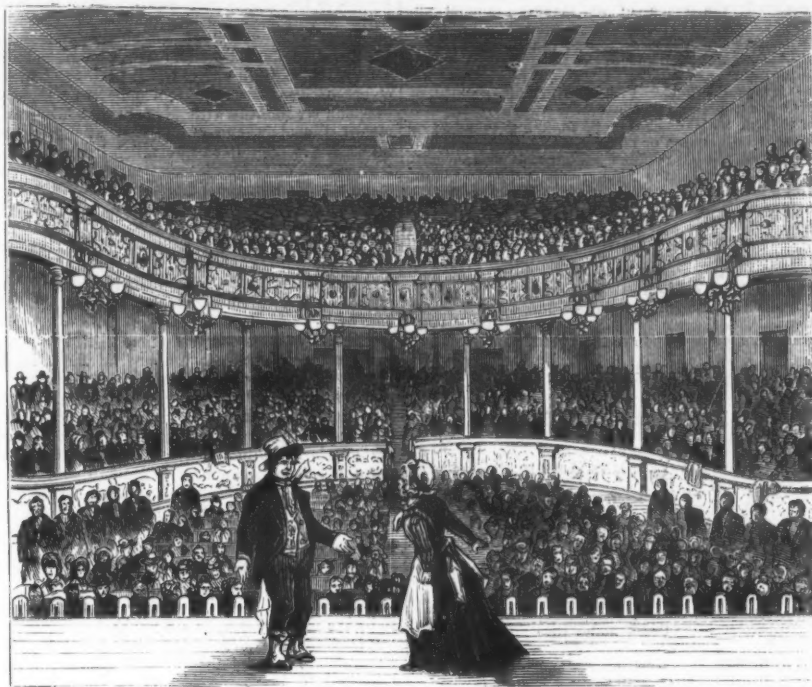
AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION CROSSING THE LOVY RIVER ON A NATIVE BRIDGE.



THE ROYAL TRIP TO INDIA.—HUNTING IN THE TERAI—A TIGER ATTACKING THE ROYAL ELEPHANT.



NEW YORK CITY.—OLD LANDMARKS—EXTERIOR OF THE OLD PALMO OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARDS BURTON'S THEATRE, IN CHAMBERS STREET.



NEW YORK CITY.—OLD LANDMARKS—INTERIOR OF BURTON'S THEATRE, CHAMBERS STREET.

THE OLD PALMO OPERA HOUSE AND BURTON'S THEATRE.

THE building known at various times as Palmo's Opera House, Burton's Theatre, and the Federal Court House, and which has been entirely demolished to make room for the new quarters of the American News Company, was erected upon the site of Stoppani's Arcade Baths, Nos. 39-41 Chambers Street, by Signor Palmo, an Italian. He had accumulated quite a comfortable fortune, and resolved to use it in introducing to the citizens of New York the operatic music of his native land. He opened the establishment February 3d, 1844, with the opera of "Puritani," and his first season closed in the month of June following. Three other seasons were given, but they proved unprofitable. In 1845 William Dinneford transformed it into a Grecian theatre, and George Vandenhoff directed the first piece produced, Sophocles' "Antigone." Under the management of Signor Patti, father of Amalia, Carlotta and Adelina, an Italian opera company took possession in 1847, and presented for the first time in the United States "Linda di Chamounix."

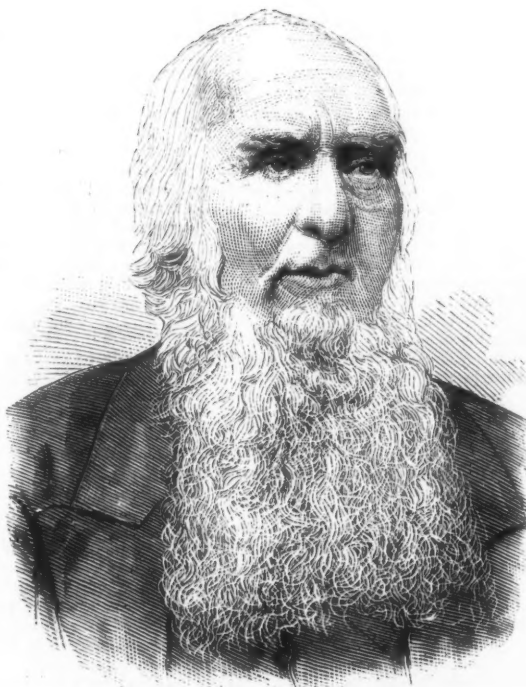
In July, 1848, the late William Evans Burton leased it. At first business was discouragingly dull, but when, in conjunction with John Brougham, he brought out "Dombey & Son," good luck came back to the house. As the child Julia in "The Soldier's Daughter," Miss Maggie Mitchell made her first appearance. The last season of Burton's Theatre under the direct management of that comedian was opened September 3d, 1855. Several venturesome parties attempted to run it after Burton concentrated his strength and resources in his new theatre, the Metropolitan, on Broadway, near Broome Street, but at the close of a season, in March, 1857, the building was leased by the United States Government, and altered to accommodate the Federal Courts and officers. Upon the expiration of this lease it was sold to the American News Company.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY AND THE CHURCH.

REV. HENRY LEMKE, O.S.B., ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

ON the 25th of April, 1876, the little chapel of St. Walburga's Convent, Elizabeth, was the scene of an unwonted display which attracted the attention of citizens, not only of that city, but also of Newark.

The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the elevation to the



NEW JERSEY.—REV. FATHER HENRY LEMKE, OF ELIZABETH. FROM A PHOTO, BY HENRY HALLER, BROOKLYN.

priesthood of Dom Henry Lemke, a remarkable octogenarian. The pastoral residence and the way to the chapel were decorated with arches of green; and the Bishops of Newark and Rochester, preceded by nearly a hundred priests, escorted the aged priest to the church. A solemn high mass was sung by Dom Henry Lemke, with deacon and sub-deacon, and a sermon preached by Bishop McQuade, of Rochester, who paid a merited tribute to the veteran priest. The benediction was given by Bishop Corrigan, of Newark.

All seemed to vie with one another in the endeavor to cheer and congratulate Father Lemke. A fine gold chalice was presented to him at the altar by a pupil of the Benedictine Nuns, as the offering of the Sisters and their pupils. One of the congregation gave an elegant altar; another, a set of vestments; others, a fine cope; and at the dinner which followed the services, Vicar-General Doane, in the name of the clergy of the diocese, presented the reverend Father with a purse containing nearly a thousand dollars.

Dom Henry Lemke was born in Mecklenburg, Germany, in 1796, and was destined for the medical profession; but while a student he was one of the thousands who volunteered when Germany rose against Napoleon. Serving under Blucher, young Lemke witnessed the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. After the war he resolved to become a clergyman in the Lutheran faith, in which he had been born and bred; but the lax ideas prevalent shocked one brought up in one of the strict old patriarchal families, and he left his home irresolute. In Bavaria he became a Catholic, and was ordained priest by the venerable Bishop Sailer. Coming to America, he was for years the associate till his death, and then the biographer, of the Russian prince Dmitri Galitzin, one of the first Catholic priests ordained in the United States, so that the lives of the two almost bridge the history of that Church in this country since its organization under Carroll. Father Lemke secured land in Pennsylvania with a view of introducing the Benedictine Order into this country, and went to Europe for a colony of monks of that ancient Order. This body has since grown rapidly, and has three mitred abbots in the United States. Father Lemke entered the Order, and some years ago, after founding a house in Kansas, took charge of a German congregation in Elizabeth, N. J., where he has since founded a large convent of Benedictine Nuns, acting as chaplain to them and as pastor of the Catholics in that part of the city.

THE OLD STOCK YARD AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Old Philadelphia Stock Yard, on Forty-third Street, will this year give little evidence of its former use. Although but a comparatively small portion has been leased by the Centennial



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE OLD CATTLE-YARDS—THE CALF-PENS.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE OLD CATTLE-YARDS—PURCHASERS SELECTING CALVES.

Commissioners for the display of live stock, the entire romance, and all the peculiar associations, will be lost to the myriad of drovers who made it the scene of at least an annual pilgrimage. The tavern, too, a landmark cranking with age and the visitation of the elements, loses all the whole-soul cheer of the past, when stiffened and braced, and furnished beyond recognition for a Centennial hotel. Property in the vicinity of the great buildings is just now so valuable, that although the Commissioners took but twenty-two of the one hundred or more acres in the yard, the owners of the old rendezvous found it more profitable to relinquish the whole property, and conduct their business elsewhere, than to content themselves with the recollections of the past, and stand still while all the rest of the world moved.

No better location could have been selected for the display of live stock during the Exhibition. The facilities and accommodations are admirable, and thousands of drovers in the South and West, accustomed to gathering at the spot, will naturally flock thither, even if the objects of their search were in another section of the grounds.

THE QUEEN SPEAKS.

BY
ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

A DOWNY bed for sleep at night;
Soft robes, by day, of red and white;
But oh! my life without delight!
Most sad, because of thee!

A stately kingdom for my own,
A great gold crown and carved throne
On which, ah me! I sit alone,
Unthought by thee.

Straight brows, red mouth and little chin,
Smooth cheeks, with dimples dented in,
A perfect body and fair skin,
And yet—unloved by thee.

A great strange beauty, but, alas!
More vain than is the foolish grass,
Which blooms to-day and then doth pass
Unseen, unknown by thee.

(The Queen dies, and is mourned by the one she loved.)

Ah, God! ah, God! and is she dead?
Are these her cheeks that were so red?
The small soft mouth that never said
What I had died to hear?

Ah, God, dear God! how still she is!
Even I may touch her now, or kiss
Her cheek or beautiful hair, I wis,
Without a fear.

How shall I live, now she is not?
I who, Thou knowest, she most forgot,
Whom least her eyes dwelt on, I wot,
Of any here!

How shall I live, who loved her so,
That all my blood did come and go
Like flame, like fire, but to know
That she was near!

Come soon, sweet Death, that I may too
Lie still, sleep sound as she must do,
Shut out from heaven's gold and blue,
And sunlight's cheer!

Come soon, since she I loved is hid
Beneath the cold black coffin-lid
In charnel-house, from life forbid—
Oh, take me to my dear!

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

I HAVE a friend who is an incorrigible practical joker. As practical joking presupposes a certain indifference to the feelings of others, it may be inferred that my friend is heartless, but he is not the less a very pleasant companion for those whom he does not victimize. He has not his equal for collecting a crowd in the street and temporarily suspending the traffic by pretending that he had seen some national celebrity enter a beerhouse. He will cause all the guests at a table d'hôte to decamp in a panic by exclaiming, loud enough to be heard by everybody, that he should like to have the windows shut, because he had lately recovered from the smallpox; and he will excite a mild sensation in an hotel smoking-room by laying near the fender a box marked "Dynamite." But the most elaborate of all the jokes which I ever heard of his perpetrating was that one which I have taken up my pen to relate. It may not commend itself to the admiration of all readers, and it is not at all events one of which anybody would counsel the imitation.

George Merryman—for so my friend was called—held a commission in a cavalry regiment quartered at Edinburgh. Having business in London, he obtained a fortnight's leave, and left the Scottish capital for the English by the seven o'clock train one bright evening in Summer.

There were but two persons in the first-class compartment which he selected—an old lady and a young man, unconnected with each other, and sitting at opposite ends of the carriage. A glance told Merryman that the old lady would not make fair game, being a mild, unobtrusive person, too easy to mystify. But the young man was a most promising subject. His solemn Scotch face was a compound of self-satisfaction and credulity. He looked as if nothing could cozen him out of a penny, but as though the first comer might cheat him out of a hundred pounds. A good-looking lad withal; he appeared to be in affluent circumstances, and had a considerable quantity of portable baggage, all marked with the name "Andrew McGillip."

The train had no sooner started than Merryman struck up a conversation with Mr. McGillip, and ten minutes sufficed him to learn that the gentle youth was the only son of McGillip, the "writer" of B— Street. Andrew seemed to think that all Britain was aware that his father's conveyancing practice was the greatest over the Border, and Merryman humored the idea by quoting the names of half a dozen peers—all intimate acquaintances of his—who had spoken to him of Mr. McGillip in terms of enthusiastic praise. Andrew swallowed all this like an oyster. He recognized Merryman for an officer, having frequently seen him on regimental parades, and he felt flattered at being

treated on a footing of intimacy. In the course of desultory conversation it turned out that both had visited at the same houses and attended the same balls—a coincidence which gave Merryman an opportunity for complimenting his companion on his grace in dancing. Hereat Andrew McGillip waxed confidential, and revealed to Merryman the object of his journey to London. He was going to spend six months with Mr. Moorland, a solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, who lived at Richmond, ostensibly to pick up some English law and watch the practice of the Chancery Courts, but really to make the acquaintance of, and, if possible, to fall in love with and marry, Emily Morland, the solicitor's only daughter.

"Ah! love and business combined," laughed Merryman. "Is Miss Emily pretty?"

"Well, they say she is varree prathes," answered Andrew, cautiously. "Mec father and hor's were frands at school."

"Quite a family match, then. I'll be bound you'll make an excellent husband, Mr. McGillip; you look out for the part."

"It's varree obliging of you to say so, Captain Merryman," stammered Andrew, reddening with pleasure. Then he winked: "I got on fairly with the gorris in Adinburgh, but I thought maybe those in London were more difficult to win."

"Ah, that's a mistake of yours, I assure you. When a Scotchman passes in the street all the London girls run to the windows to look at him. In society they literally tear Scotchmen to pieces in their eagerness to get them at parties. I knew a young fellow from Glasgow who was in such request for balls that they danced all his hair off and gave him the gout in six weeks."

"Dad they, now? That's most likely because we Scots are bonnier dancers than you Southrons. I lornned to dance the reel when I was but sax years old."

"It must have been a treat to see you. Well, volunteer a reel in London whenever you see the conversation flag, and if that doesn't woo Miss Emily to the altar, my name's not Mark-Antony."

Andrew McGillip laughed. He may have had a vague idea that Merryman was roasting him, but the captain's manner was so genial and persuasive that insensibly the young Scotchman's suspicions were disarmed. The two soon became fast chums. At Newcastle they supped together, and McGillip allowed Merryman to pay the bill. At York they breakfasted and exchanged vows of eternal friendship. At Peterborough McGillip obtained a promise that the captain would act as his best man whenever the wedding with Miss Morland should be solemnized. After this, however, there was a gradual change in the Scotchman's manner. When two hours from London he complained of a headache, and as the journey drew to an end he was seized with chattering of the teeth and other feverish symptoms. Merryman at first attributed this to a boyish nervousness at the prospect of seeing new faces; but it soon became evident that Andrew was seriously unwell. At the London terminus he had almost to be lifted out of the carriage, and on arriving at the hotel whither Merryman conveyed him, it became urgent to send for a doctor, who declared the patient to be suffering from a commencement of typhoid fever.

Merryman was a good fellow. He would have given up his sleep to nurse a sick horse or dog, and had his services been of any use to McGillip, he would have stuck at no sacrifice to supply them. But he was rather an ennuibrance than otherwise in the present instance, for when a hospital nurse had been procured, and when physic had been fetched from the chemist's, there was nothing to do but to let the fever work its way, and Merryman's part was confined to seeing that the nurse performed her duties, and that the doctor's orders were faithfully obeyed. Under such circumstances, what was he to do with his spare time? The business which had brought him to town could be disposed of in a few hours, and he had proposed after that to spend his leave in exhausting all the metropolitan pleasures. But he was loath to gad about to parties and theatres while McGillip lay fever-stricken, and it was thus that, after mature reflection, it occurred to him that he might harmlessly divert himself for a few days by going to Mr. Morland's and passing himself off for Andrew McGillip until the latter's recovery.

Had he thought that Andrew's illness would take a serious turn he would not have indulged in such a practical joke, but he fancied the Scotchman would probably be afoot again before a fortnight was over; and the mental picture which he drew of Andrew's stupefaction on learning that his new friend had been flying his colors, and perhaps captured Miss Emily's heart in his stead, was too alluring to be withstood. George Merryman was a practical joker by vocation. He considered his pleasantries solely from the point of view of the amusement they might cause when related at the mess-table; and as fun is always excited in proportion to the discomfiture which has been occasioned, the jokes which tempted Merryman most were those which ordinary folks would have deemed the most cruel. From the moment when the captain had decided to put himself metaphorically into Andrew's skin, he could hardly sleep for reviewing all the seductive aspects of his plan; and the final result of his deliberations was that on the next day but one after his arrival in town, he knocked at the door of Heartease Villa, Richmond.

It was a Saturday, and Mr. Morland's family had just sat down to dinner. They rose and received Merryman with gushing cordiality, mingled with a spice of evident surprise, for probably they had been led to expect in Andrew McGillip a very different being to the one who actually presented himself. George Merryman had one of those faces which go straight to the hearts of those who look upon them; and his manners were perfect for geniality, easy grace, and good-humored self-assurance. An observer might indeed have detected in the twinkling of his eyes something that belied the gravity which he loved to put on when making fun of people; but neither Mr. Morland, his wife, Emily Morland, nor Jack, her schoolboy brother, were physiognomists enough to glance below the surface. They took the pseudo-Andrew for what he appeared to be, and did not conceal

their delight at seeing their family circle enriched with so agreeable a companion.

Never was there a pleasanter dinner. Merryman made himself quite at home, and charmed his hosts by the versatility of his conversation, by the excellence of his moral sentiments, and by the sound sense of the views he expressed on all serious topics. Judging him by his own words, his ardor for work was extreme, and he longed for nothing so much as to find himself perched on a high stool in Mr. Morland's office, New Square. On being amicably reproached for not having brought his luggage with him, he explained that he had divers commissions to execute for his father, which would oblige him to reside in town till the middle of the ensuing week; he had, however, brought a letter of introduction with him, and produced it. This letter, read by Mr. Morland, seemed much to increase his surprise, and he frequently glanced from the note-paper to Merryman, as though to compare the written portrait with the living original. Choosing the moment when Merryman accompanied Emily to the piano to turn over her music while she sang at his pressing request a Scotch ballad, the solicitor sat down beside his wife and whispered:

"How blind some men must be to the character of their own children! Here is McGillip, who cautions me that Andrew is particularly shy and a slow talker."

"Bless the man!" replied Mrs. Morland, with a smile. "If shy Scotchmen are like that, what must the forward ones be?"

Merryman was leaning over Emily, and perhaps stood a trifle too close to her shoulder. He was certainly not shy, for at every pause in her song he murmured some compliment in her ear, and when she left the piano, it must have been something more than usually gallant which brought the glad blush to her brow. Girls, however, have more sharpness than their parents, in that they will pry into the why and the wherefore of things. Emily had for some weeks past guessed by intuition that Andrew McGillip was intended by his parents and hers to be her husband, and she had planned to have some fun with the raw lad whom his father and mother had described as so diffident. Merryman's behavior had disconcerted all her provisions, and filled her with a curiosity which she longed to satiate. Under the pretense of showing the pseudo-Andrew some albums, she enticed him into a corner of the drawing-room, and said, abruptly:

"Scotland must be a charming country—so gay, so full of pleasures!"

"Humph! humph!" muttered Merryman.

"I don't mean so much the country as the people," continued Emily, artlessly. "We in England pass for stiff and formal, but the Scotch seem to be always genial, lively and jocular."

"This is the first time I ever heard it," said Merryman, dubiously.

"Oh! but look at your own family, dear Mr. McGillip! Some weeks ago, when your father announced your visit, he spoke of your being nervous, and—and a little sad. If that be his opinion, he must be the merriest of men himself."

"Oh!—my father—yes!" exclaimed Merryman, perceiving her drift, and scenting his way to a new mystification. "My father is quite a character, Miss Morland; he is one of the oddities of Edinburgh. People who see him in his office or in the courts would think he had swallowed a poker and fed himself off crab-apples. But at home he puts off restraint so freely that his laughter makes the window-panes rattle. When the weather is too bad to admit of his going out, he plays at leap-frog with the butler for exercise, and over and over again I have found him in the kitchen caroling comic songs with the footman, butler, and cook."

"Dear me! and do you join in the choruses?"

"No, and that is why my father suspects me of being melancholy. But you know fun must have certain limits, and I think a man ought to keep up his dignity."

"Naturally."

"I love my father with all my heart, but I confess it goes a little against the grain when I see the cook blackening his nose with burnt cork to make the footman laugh."

"I quite understand your feelings," remarked Emily, sympathizingly.

In short, Merryman produced the best impression, and left Richmond by the midnight train, followed by the hearty wishes of the family for his speedy return. Mr. Morland accompanied him to the station, and begged that if he could not take up his residence at Heartease Villa till next week, he would at all events return to Richmond on the morrow to spend Sunday. Merryman accepted the invitation with gratitude, and promised to come.

He was prevented from redeeming his promise, however, by a very tragical reason. On returning to town he was thunderstricken at hearing that Andrew McGillip was dead. The fever had suddenly taken a fatal turn, and before the doctor could be summoned, the young Scotchman had passed away. His friends had been communicated with by telegram.

George Merryman now felt some remorse for what he had done, and his first impulse was to write to Mr. Morland, confess his hoax, and apologize. But he lacked the moral courage to do this, and, after sleeping a night over his position, he simply requested the hotel-keeper to write and inform Mr. Morland that Mr. McGillip, having been summoned out of town, would be unable to go to Richmond that day. He explained that the object of this fiction was to avoid alarming Mr. McGillip's friend, and the hotel-keeper concurred in the propriety of the course; but in sitting down to write the note he asked Merryman for his name. In the hurry of arrival Merryman had omitted to give any other name but McGillip, and in this neglect he saw an opportunity of concealing his identity and escaping the disagreeable consequences which his practical joke might entail if it reached his colonel's ears. Accordingly he gave himself out as a Mr. Williams, and proceeded to make arrangements for leaving the hotel as soon as poor Andrew's parents should arrive. They came early next day, and Merryman forthwith departed, telling the landlord as he went that his

nerves were not strong enough to witness the emotion which the deceased's parents would not fail to display in his presence.

During the next two days he whiled away his time as he could—that is, with difficulty, for he was not insensible to the gloom of Andrew McGillip's sudden death. But there is that in the confirmed practical joker which renders him unamenable to a continuity of sad sentiments, especially in cases where the mishaps of comparative strangers are concerned. It therefore befell that towards Wednesday evening the devil tempted George Merryman to put a cap to the practical joke he had so well commenced. Hitherto he had done no more than assume a name which did not belong to him; but he now desisted a means whereby his joke might be so drawn out and completed as to form a unique example in the annals of mystification. There is no need to enter into the mental struggle which Merryman waged with his soberer self before yielding to temptation. Enough, that in the end he did yield, and presented himself at Heartease Villa on the Thursday morning clad in black, and wearing as lugubrious an expression as could be imagined.

It required no explanations to apprise the Morlands that something untoward had occurred, and they received him with kind looks and silent grasping of the hands. Merryman seemed deeply overcome, and murmured some almost inaudible remarks about having just left a deathbed. Emily's eyes filled with tears, and during luncheon she shot many a furtive glance of pity at the young man, whom she liked all the better for the grief he evinced at—as she supposed—the loss of a dearly loved friend.

Merryman played his part admirably. He ate little or nothing, sighed frequently, turned away once or twice as though to brush tears from his eyes; and when luncheon was over rose, glancing at the clock, and said, mournfully:

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Morland, I only came to have the pleasure of seeing you once more; but my presence is indispensable at—"

"The funeral. Yes, we must not detain you," said Mr. Morland, with commiseration.

"The funeral. Yes, that's it. I am going to be buried at three o'clock," sighed Merryman, piteously.

"You?" and the Morlands looked at each other as though they had misheard.

"Yes, it is I who am the dead man—I, Andrew McGillip," answered Merryman, simply. Then, with a heartrending smile, "The undertaker is a very punctual man, and I do not like to be behindhand lest I should offend him."

Saying this he walked out, and the eyes of the whole Morland family followed him with stupefaction. Emily had burst out crying.

"Poor young man! the loss of his friend has turned his head," ejaculated Mrs. Morland. "Charles, dear, hadn't you better follow him to town, to see that he does himself no harm?"

"Oh, yes, papa, dear, go to his hotel in London, and ascertain what has taken place," sobbed Emily, unable to check her tears.

This course was obviously one to be followed. Unfortunately, make what haste he could, Mr. Morland was not in time to catch the train by which George Merryman had started, and he did not reach town till a good hour after the latter. Without a moment's loss of time he hailed a cab, drove to the hotel, and, jumping down, asked the waiter at the door:

"Mr. Andrew McGillip?"

"The hearse started just a quarter of an hour ago, sir; if you drive towards Piccadilly you will overtake it before it turns Hyde Park Corner."

"The hearse?" and the perplexed solicitor's eyes opened supernaturally.

"Yes, sir; Mr. McGillip is to be buried in Fulham Churchyard. The funeral was timed for three. You are a little behindhand."

Almost mechanically the solicitor reclined into his cab, drove to Fulham, and had the bewildering of seeing his old friend McGillip alight from a mourning coach, and wend his sad way, with a retinue of other mourners, behind the coffin of his only son.

"There must be some infamous game at work here," he muttered, excitedly, and he was minded to rush forward and apprise Mr. McGillip that he had seen his son Andrew but an hour before, and that the corpse in the coffin must be that of a false Andrew. He prudently forbore, and in the course of the evening inquiries which he prosecuted at the hotel convinced him that he had been the dupe of an unscrupulous jester. But to this day the Morlands continue in ignorance of the name and quality of the man who so plausibly deceived them, and whose memory remains black as night in their eyes. Emily alone, when the false Andrew is alluded to, remains silent and heaves a little sigh.

Rich Widows in New York.

THE recent transfer of a large portion of her colossal wealth by Mrs. A. T. Stewart is still a subject of fresh comment. The donations also by several ladies in this city of large sums of money to charitable institutions call to mind the number of widows controlling their millions who reside in New York. To begin with, there is Mrs. Paron Stevens, widow of the noted hotel-keeper and original owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mrs. Stevens was a Miss Read, of Boston. She is a very ambitious and persevering lady, and has been more or less prominent in fashionable society here and abroad for many years. She has a house at Newport, a large amount of real estate in New York and Massachusetts, and a house in Paris. The Stevens apartment house on Fifth Avenue, valued at \$700,000, is among her metropolitan possessions; likewise the fine house in which she lives, 244 Fifth Avenue. The story of her stolen jewels is a familiar one. Her sister, Miss Reed, is now in Europe, completing her musical education, and her daughter will be married in the Spring to an English nobleman. Next is Mrs. George Griswold Gray, who was Miss Irvin, daughter of Richard Irvin, a merchant of high standing. George Griswold Gray was a bachelor of five-and-thirty

years when he married Miss Irvin. He had been a shining light in society and at the clubs for a long period, and few thought him a marrying man. He originated the Four-in-Hand Club, and was president of it at the time of his death. He was a great traveler, and in China, many years ago, was shot by the natives while defending the British Consulate with a handful of English and American gentlemen. He had a beautiful country-seat at Newport, a town-house on Washington Square, a yacht, horses, carriages, dogs and servants in great abundance. Mr. Gray died a little over a year ago, leaving his widow thousands upon thousands. Mrs. Horace F. Clarke comes next. She is a daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, and married Mr. Clarke before he became such a nabob and railway king as he was at the time of his death. When Mr. Clarke's estate was settled up it was found that he was by no means as rich as was conjectured. Mrs. Clarke soon afterwards went to Europe, where she now resides. Her daughter—who was once a belle in society—married a Mr. Clarence Collins. Mrs. Loring Andrews, whose late husband left an estate valued at \$5,000,000, is also in Europe. The lady owns a house at Newport and several blocks of houses here. Mrs. Lamont, whose husband fell from the fourth-story window of his house on Fifth Avenue and was instantly killed—the family being at West Point—left a very large amount of money, and his widow and daughter live in Paris. Mrs. Thomas Hicks (née Pickersgill) oscillates between this country and Europe, and has secured for herself the reputation of being the most liberal and extravagant hostess of the period. Her New York residence is at No. 10 West Fourteenth Street, a mansion of the old style, which was recently the scene of a series of very elegant entertainments. Mrs. Hicks is a lady of remarkable beauty, very talented, and possessed of infinite tact and sound social judgment. She has a penchant for literary people, and lately patronized Joaquin Miller, to his intense satisfaction and the ill-concealed amazement of her aristocratic friends. As the saying is, "she has no end of money." She thinks nothing of spending from \$1,500 to \$2,500 on a single entertainment, and delights in unique and odd features at her parties. In Europe, a year ago, she had rooms at a certain hotel which a certain queen, then traveling incognito, desired for herself and suite. The landlord stated the case to Mrs. Hicks, and begged her to vacate, offering her a suite of rooms on the same floor free of charge. Mrs. Hicks declined to vacate unless the royal lady took possession of the desired rooms at her invitation and expense. This the royal lady refused to do, and Mrs. Hicks kept the rooms. She has been many times reported the fiancée of General Robert C. Schenck, ex-U. S. Minister to England, who is her cousin, but friends of the lady deny that there is any truth in the report. Mrs. Hicks left New York for London three weeks ago, and in April will be presented at the Court of St. James. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. Addison Jerome (formerly of Buffalo), Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Brooks, widow of the Hon. James Brooks, and Mrs. Benedict, are among the other wealthy widows of New York, all of whom could start a national bank, with large capital, on their own account, if so disposed. Mrs. Keep, once the richest lady in New York, is now the wife of Judge Schaley, of Savannah, Ga.

An American Outdone.

THERE is a story told of a wide-awake American who, discovering in Paris some very pretty pencil-cases at five francs apiece, bought a half-dozen of them with the intention of using them as gifts to a few friends he had left behind him. They were made upon a simple but admirable mechanical principle, and if not of solid gold, looked enough like it to answer the demands of ordinary criticism. Best of all, they had the charm to the eye of their purchaser of absolute novelty, and he drew a sigh of relief as he reflected that he had found something which inquisitive friendship at home had never seen or heard of. Reaching London on his way to New York, he was so fortunate as to find some more of them in a shop in Regent Street, and it added to the satisfaction with which he bought them that the shopman there only asked him three shillings apiece for them. He eagerly bought another half-dozen, and posted on to Liverpool to take ship for New York. Looking in at a shop-window in Liverpool, while waiting for the hour when the steam-tug should leave Prince's Dock, his eye fell upon some more pencil-cases, and glad of an opportunity to reinforce his supply of an article for which he anticipated so considerable a demand, he entered the shop and began negotiations for one more half-dozen. He had not caught the shopman's answer as to the price until the parcel was made up and placed in his hand. Drawing out his purse, therefore, he gave him an expressively interrogatory look which immediately drew forth the reply, "Eighteen pence apiece, sir." "Singular," said our countryman, somewhat surprised, "but it seems that the further one gets from Paris the cheaper articles of Parisian manufacture become. Five francs apiece in Paris for these pencils, two shillings apiece in London, and eighteen pence in Liverpool. At this rate, I should have done better by waiting until I reached New York." "You are about right, sir," said the shopman, who by this time had his money safe in his till. "You are about right, sir, for them pencils is all made in the States."

Advertising for a Wife in Italy.

A GOOD story reaches us from Milan. A young nobleman of that city, of marriageable age, and master of a fortune of 10,000 francs a year, not long ago came to the conclusion that it was time for him to look out for a wife. His pursuits in life not being of the most strenuous character, he had leisure to combine amusement with research. Accordingly he advertised his want in a Milanese newspaper, requesting that every answer to the advertisement might be accompanied by the portrait of the lady who replied. A collateral result of this notice was that two or three of the best photographic artists in the city had more work on their hands than they could attend to. The direct result was fifty-five letters, with as many fair maidenly countenances as would furnish a good-sized album. The answers were in some cases accompanied by parental certificates, setting forth in touching language the charms and virtues of the daughters. Embarrassed by a choice of such unexpected variety, and desirous to gratify that sense of humor which even the serious nature of his quest could not repress, the young man replied to each of his correspondents that, before coming to a final decision, a personal—not exactly interview, but inspection, would be of advantage. To each of the ladies, of course without

the knowledge of the others, he sent a ticket for an orchestra stall in the Scala Theatre, announcing that he himself would be in a particular box, the number and situation of which he stated. A few evenings later, the play-going public of Milan were perplexed to explain the appearance of one of the rows of stalls in that immense building. A long line of beauties, in toilets of extreme elegance, unbroken by a single black coat, was observed. Furtively, and with trepidation, did each damsel from time to time raise her opera-glass to that box—the cynosure of many bright eyes—in which the graceful youth reposed. Suspiciously, and with darkened brow, did each damsel turn to the long file of her neighbors, and wonder at the magnetism which drew each glass to the one central spot. By-and-by the audience, to whom some hint of the secret had leaked out, began to give audible signs that they enjoyed the joke. The sporadic laughter of the theatre increased the confusion of the young ladies, and the contagion of fun turned the sporadic mirth into a general roar. At this point our informant drops a veil over the scene, concluding his narrative with the trumpet-call, "Daughters of Eve, revenge!" We question if this young man will get married in Milan.

The Harem.

EXAGGERATED notions are current about harems and harem receptions, notions born partly of the seclusion of the female portion of the household in the East. The majority of harems in Egypt are simply the apartment of the one wife and her children. The lady who enters one of them pays an ordinary call, and finds no mystery whatever. One who expects, upon a royal invitation to the harem, to wander into the populous dove-cote of the Khedive where languish the beauties of Asia, the sisters from the Gardens of Gul, pining for a new robe of the mode from Paris, will be most cruelly disappointed.

LITERARY RESPONSES.

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS.—On condition of the progressive impulse which marks the present time is displayed by the inadequacy of even dictionaries to fulfill their complete functions without receiving constant additions and revision. "Webster's Unabridged" already contains no reference to a variety of words in common usage, and a supplement will probably be required at no distant date. An appendix to "Allibone's Dictionary of British and American Authors" has for some time been eagerly desired by the literary world, interested in contemporaneous effort as well as in that of the past, and such a volume, we are informed, is in preparation by the well-known Philadelphia house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. This firm, in publishing the original work a few years ago, conferred a permanent obligation upon the reading community. The complementary work—Volume IV, of the set we presume—will supply a hiatus the inconvenience of which has been the more apparent in the light of the useful function which its predecessors serve in every well-appointed library and office. The notices of forty-six thousand authors already given might be presumed to cover the field with tolerable fullness; but a host of new claimants for literary honors have since sprung up, and numerous names now familiar have yet to receive their proper recognition in the universe of Anglo-Saxon authors.

A NEW BOOK BY MR. MASSETT.—Mr. Stephen Massett, popularly known as "James Pipes of Pipeville," is about republishing his book of "Drifts in England," embracing his China, Japan, and late European experiences. The manuscripts are in the hands of a literary friend in London, and it is to be dedicated to the Lord Chief Baron of England, who has written Mr. Massett a highly complimentary letter in reference to its contents. Mr. Massett has returned to New York after a long absence, and will remain here but a short time, being under an engagement to visit the Pacific Coast. He still retains his old-time vivacity, and his readings are a constant succession of triumphs over his listeners' emotions.

A CENTURY ILLUSTRATED.—A very handsome pair of engravings have just been issued by Mr. John C. McRae, of this city, which appeal precisely to the popular sentiment of the day. They illustrate the contrasts of the past century, one representing the Raising of the Liberty Pole in 1776, and the other "The Day we Celebrate," in 1876. Both of these engravings are full of spirited drawing, and conjointly they tell the whole story of the century. All the details are carefully worked out, and we understand that their engraving occupied three entire years.

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Among the new books which are promised by New York publishing-houses as speedily forthcoming are: "The Life of Alexander T. Stewart," by James Grant Wilson; "Memories of Familiar Books," by W. B. Reed, and edited by Manton Marble of the New York World; an illustrated edition of Kinglake's "Eothen"; and a complete history of the Violin, by George Hart. John Estlin Cooke's powerful Centennial Novel, "Cary of Hunsdon," will be issued in handsome book-form by Frank Leslie's Publishing House immediately upon its completion in the columns of THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Jewish Wedding.

Jewish ladies, like other ladies, are wont to regard marriage as the ultimatum of all their hopes, and it is said that Jewish young men respect these views as based upon sound reason. Early marriages are of very frequent occurrence among foreign Israelites, but owing to the industry and general activity of the whole race, what might be regarded as premature unions result in neither unhappiness nor pauperism. If the contracting parties are of the poorer classes, the wedding takes place in the synagogue; if of the upper or middle classes, the union is cemented at home, or in a hall or hotel. The marriage represented in the cut took place in the Great Synagogue, Duke Street, London, a handsome building, of Byzantine architecture. A canopy of colored silk was erected in front of the ark in the eastern portion of the synagogue, and under this the bride and bridegroom stood, and on either side of them their parents or guardians. In front is the venerable rabbi, Dr. Adler, standing between the two ministers of the synagogue. The ceremonies of the marriage differed but little, if at all, from the manner in which they were solemnized in the days when the Temple reared its proud head in Jerusalem. After the ring has been placed on the bride's finger, and an impressive address has been delivered by the chief rabbi, one of the officials deposits on the ground, at the feet of the bridegroom, a small board, bearing an ordinary wine-glass, and on the groom stamping on the glass, and crushing it to pieces, illustrating the scattered condition of the Jewish nation, the assemblage cries out, "Good luck! Good luck!" The rabbi shakes hands with the couple and wishes them much joy, and the ceremony is over.

Opening the Boulevard St. Germain, in Paris.

Paris is rapidly losing the distinctive architectural features which have so long served to connect its modern history with medieval associations. We show this week an improvement now progressing in the Boulevard St. Germain, which is being widened between the Rue Hauteville and the Rue de l'Antienne Comédie. This change will alter the entire aspect of that

section of Paris. The transformation will be most perceptible in the Rue Hauteville, in which many curious old specimens of early French buildings, with rambling walls and turreted roofs, were until recently standing, including the Promenoir Convent, all of which are to be sacrificed to the ruthless hand of progress. Many of the most famous localities of historic Paris are in this vicinity, of which another generation will be acquainted with only through the medium of books and legends.

Entertaining the Prince of Wales on Shipboard.

The Prince of Wales had a safe and enjoyable return trip on the *Serapis*, forming a quiet conclusion to his exciting Indian visit. The voyage was rendered agreeable by a variety of diversions. "Lawn tennis" was played by His Royal Highness on the poop-deck, where a "court" was marked out for the game, while the balls were prevented, in a measure, from going overboard by the awning or curtain above the taffrail. The "Evening Entertainment" was a performance of the amateur troupe of Christy Minstrels, under the management of Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, R.N. Our illustration shows the pretty little stage erected on the poop, with His Royal Highness seated in an easy-chair to the left of the table in the middle.

Lieutenant Cameron's Explorations in Central Africa.

We have already illustrated and described in this column the enthusiastic welcome accorded to Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., on his return to England, after a journey of 3,000 miles through unsurveyed regions of Central Africa. The valuable results to be attained by Lieutenant Cameron's toilsome researches cannot be summed up in the space at our command. One of his most important discoveries, in a geographical point of view, was the proof that the River Congo and Lake Tanganyika are connected. Ninety-six rivers flow into that lake, besides springs and torrents, but only one, the Lukuga, flows out of it. Many of Lieutenant Cameron's sketches of African travel are of great interest. One of the two which we reproduce this week represents the market at Kamele, the capital of Ujiji. This market lasts every morning from 7:30 to 10 A.M., when about five or six hundred people assemble to sell fish and all the products of the country. Arabs and their slaves walk about buying the necessities for their household. All the northern tribes of the Tanganyika are represented, and also a few from the western coast. The other illustration represents the expedition crossing the Lovvi River, one of the streams crossed by the Pombeiros in their remarkable journey across the continent in the early part of this century. The Lovvi bridge is one of many built on the same plan for fishing weirs. There are holes on the upper side fitted with conical baskets like wire rat-traps, and under these, large baskets are fitted to receive the fish.

The University Boat-Race on the Thames.

Among the many sports in vogue among college students, none has risen to so lofty a standard, and none conduces so greatly to develop the masculine traits of its votaries, as that of rowing. The competitive efforts of these amateur boatmen in England, where the sport had its origin, have each year attracted widespread attention, and the contagion has extended to America so notably, that international matches are continually discussed, and the muscle of our American youths is frequently put to severest strain in testing its metal with that of their English cousins. The great annual University Race between the Cambridge and Oxford Crews in England took place on the Thames, on April 8th. The day was lovely, and it seemed as though half of London was congregated on the river's edge. The Cambridge men were the favorites, and the result showed their superiority, as they came in at the end about four lengths ahead, notwithstanding their stroke averaged about two to the minute less than that of their opponents. Our illustration represents the boats "shooting" Hammersmith Bridge, at which point, a little more than one-third of the distance, the Cambridge Crew had gained a lead of a length and a half.

"Lo Scoppio del Carro," at Florence.

A singular Easter custom is preserved in Florence, dating from the eleventh century, when a Florentine noble, Pazzino de Pazzi, the first Crusader who scaled the walls of Jerusalem, relighted the holy fire at Florence with fragments of the Holy Sepulchre. This holy fire was used for lighting the household fires which during Lent were quenched. In the Duomo, on the morning of Easter-Even, the mass is commenced as usual, and just at noon, as the "Gloria" is sung, a fuse is lit, and away it sputters and cracks up a post at the chancel, where it lights a sort of rocket attached to a little wooden dove, which, with the impetus thus gained, flies flitting down the string, scattering the sparks broadcast over the heads of the congregation, until it reaches the "Carro" outside, where it lights the fireworks, and then by means of a reversed rocket it returns to the chancel again, amid the noise of the explosion of the fireworks and the ringing of the church bells all over the city, which since Good Friday have been silent. The "Carro" is then drawn to a neighboring street, the Via Albizzi, where, near the palace of the Pazzi, the remaining fireworks are discharged.

The Royal Trip to India.—A Tiger Attacking the Royal Elephant.

Our cut of the Indian adventures of the Prince of Wales this week represents an incident which took place on the 21st of February, when the Prince killed his first tiger in Nepal, the total day's bag consisting of seven tigers, six of which were shot by the Prince. The animal in question started up from the jungle close to the Prince, and as the elephant turned aside, he received the tiger on his haunch. The movement sent the mahout and the three persons on the elephant reeling backwards, and the Prince instantly recovered himself, turned round, and fired. At the second shot the tiger fell dead. He was a full-grown male, nine feet six inches long.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 29, 1876.

THE Belasco season has come to an abrupt end. . . . On Friday, April 28th, a very successful performance of a new play, "For his Sake," was given at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Women's Centennial Union, by the Union Amateur Dramatic Association. . . . The Vaudeville Company of the Lyceum Theatre have gone to Baltimore for a short season. . . . "Conscience" will be produced speedily at the Union Square. . . . Miss Georgiana Drew, daughter of Mrs. John Drew, of Philadelphia, has made a successful debut in "Pique," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. . . . The Union Square Theatre was crowded Friday evening, April 28th, the occasion being the benefit of Miss Kate Claxton. . . . "Brass," at the Park Theatre, and "Henry V.," at Booth's, seem to still hold the public fancy. . . . Mme. Jule de Ryther gave her annual concert at Steinway Hall on the evening of April 24th. She was assisted by able talent, and the affair was a complete success. . . . Mr. James McCarroll, of this city, is engaged in the preparation of a three-act drama, founded on incidents in the Revolutionary War. It is to be produced immediately upon its completion at the Third Avenue Theatre, in this city.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—THE Russian Centennial Commissioners have arrived.

—THE value of the Chinese exhibit is estimated at \$161,000.

—ALL the available space in the buildings has been disposed of.

—THE list of judges of awards will not be made known until the 10th of May.

—SEATINGS sufficient to accommodate over 35,000 persons at one time are being located throughout the grounds.

—ONLY 390 out of 1,200 parties who have engaged space in Agricultural Hall have yet installed their exhibits in that building.

—A SAFE deposit company has a position in the Main Building, and will take charge of valuables upon its own responsibility.

—THE Judges' Pavilion, which cost \$30,000, will be completed in about a week, and then transferred to the Board of Finance.

—FOUR car-loads of goods for the piscatorial and ethnological display of the Smithsonian Institute have arrived on the grounds.

—IN the English section of the Main Building there will be a display of needlework, under the special patronage of Queen Victoria.

—THE representatives of foreign nations will be larger, and their exhibits of greater interest and value, than were anticipated.

—THE Department of Admission has decided that fifty-cent silver pieces, as well as fifty-cent notes, will be received as entrance fee.

—THE Centennial authorities state that their clerical and other subordinate forces are filled, and offer no encouragement to further applicants.

—"STONEWALL JACKSON," the mammoth Missourian bull, has reached the grounds upon which he gravitates to the extent of 4,500 pounds.

—THE steamship *France*, of the General Transatlantic Line, and of the same capacity as the *Labrador*, has arrived with additional French exhibits.

—THE large granite statue of the American Soldier, weighing thirty tons, has arrived from Providence, R. I., and will be erected on the eastern terrace of Memorial Hall.

—A GRAND display of horses will take place September 1st, continuing for fourteen days, under the auspices of the Bureau of Agriculture. Applications are already pouring in.

—THE Philadelphia *Times* has interviewed the representative ministers of the (36) religious denominations in Philadelphia, and found thirty of them opposed to, and six in favor of, opening the Exhibition on Sunday.

—THE series of etchings by Edwin Forbes entitled "Life Studies of the Great Army," a copy of which has been sent to the Centennial, will be exhibited from May 1st to the 10th at the Union League Gallery in this city.

—THE first encampment—that of the representatives of the Ordnance Departments of the various States—has been pitched on the grounds. Its occupants are engaged in mounting cannon, and otherwise, in and about the Main Building.

—THE Board of Finance estimate the cost of their work at \$3,500,000, of which \$7,000,000 have been received from all sources, leaving \$1,500,000 to be supplied by admission fees. All receipts above this amount will be applicable to the repayment of capital stock, and the United States appropriation.

—THE following is the first official announcement of the Director-General as to the opening day, the 10th inst.: "General Order.—No. 1. The Exhibition will be open to the public on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at noon. Exhibitors are notified that their spaces and exhibits must be placed in order not later than Monday evening, the 8th inst., so that the avenues and public passageways may be cleared on the 9th inst. All exhibits must be uncovered and exposed at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 10th inst. A. T. GOSWAM, Director-General, Philadelphia, May 1st, 1876.

—ARCHBISHOP WOOD, the head of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, says, in relation to the question of opening or closing the Centennial on Sunday: "I see no objection to opening the grounds on Sunday, if they are not thrown open until noon, after every one has had an opportunity to attend church or mass. The Sabbath is not only a day of rest and devotion, but of recreation also. It is the poor man's holiday—the only day on which he can seek pleasure. He loves the day. It is his day—the only one out of seven. The rich have the whole week for pleasure, but the poor are confined to Sunday. I don't see how it can be decreed by simply assisting the working classes to study the triumphs of civilization and education."

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, April 24th.—SENATE.—The Bill to amend the laws relative to legal tender of silver coin considered. Senator Jones began his speech in behalf of using silver money. HOUSE.—Bill introduced to reorganize and reduce the navy. It provides that there shall be on the active list six rear-admirals, eighteen commodores, fifty captains and seventy-five commanders, and that promotions in these grades shall cease until those numbers shall be reached.

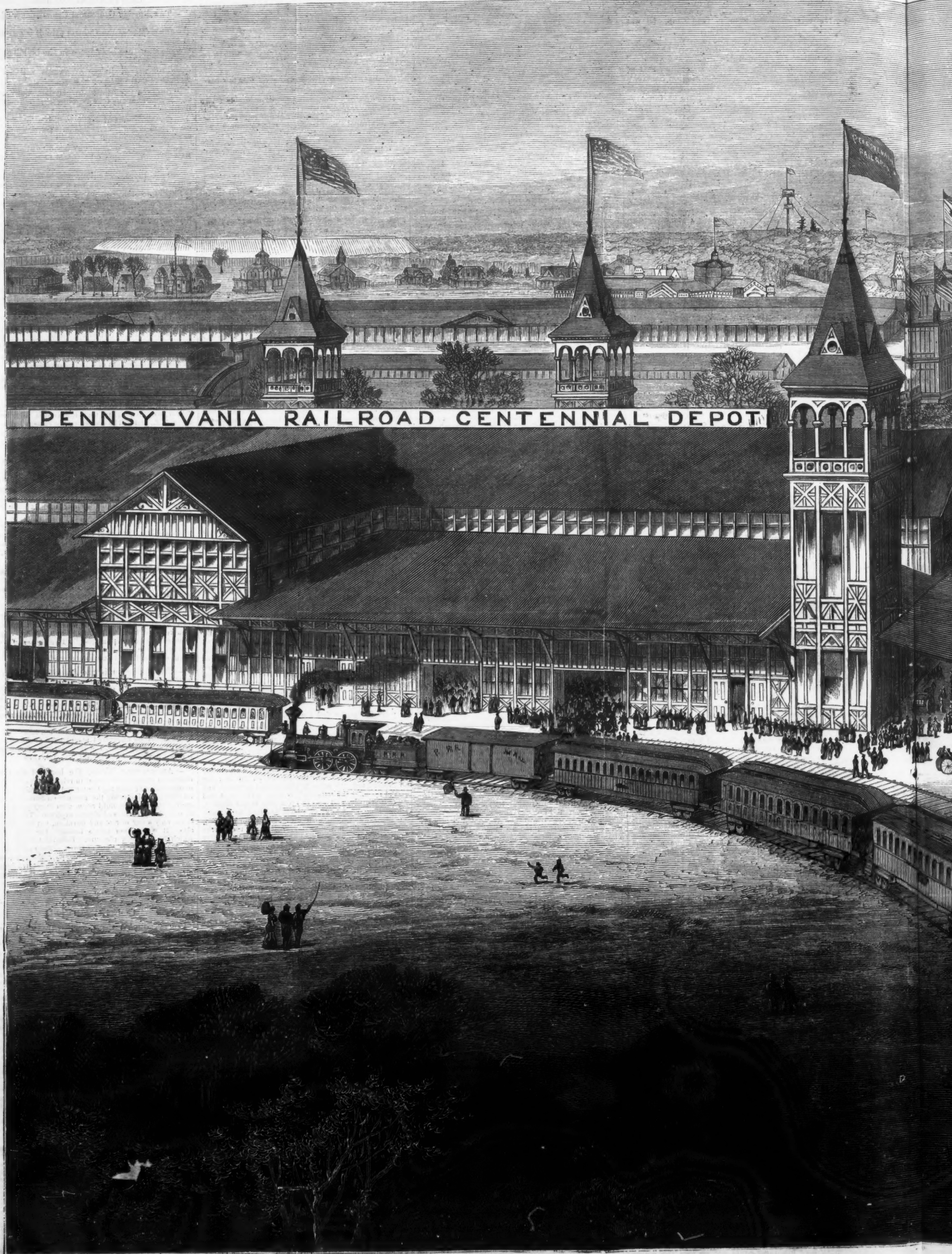
TUESDAY, April 25th.—SENATE.—Conference with the House agreed to on subject of Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and also on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. . . . Mr. Jones concluded his speech on silver money. HOUSE.—Session occupied with discussion of Legislative and Executive Appropriation Bill, with an interruption for reception of rejoinder to the demurrer filed by W. W. Belknap in the impeachment trial.

WEDNESDAY, April 26th.—SENATE.—Bill to amend laws relative to legal tender of silver coin considered. . . . Bill for support of national colleges for the advancement of scientific and industrial education discussed at length. HOUSE.—Legislative Appropriation Bill discussed in detail. . . . Investigating Committee of Nine appointed on Louisiana affairs.

THURSDAY, April 27th.—SENATE.—Resolution adopted inquiring into expense and organization of the Signal Service. . . . Impeachment trial of W. W. Belknap resumed. Defense moved for postponement until December, which after long discussion was denied, and an immediate trial ordered. HOUSE.—Legislative Appropriation Bill considered. . . . An amendment to the Constitution introduced to authorize the President to approve or disapprove of separate clauses or provisions of a Bill.

FRIDAY, April 28th.—SENATE.—Joint resolution received from Legislature of State of New York asking legislation to secure protection to immigrants. . . . The impeachment of Belknap resumed. The defense asked for two weeks' delay, which was denied, and it was decided to go on with the trial on May 4th. . . . Adjourned to May 1st. HOUSE.—Legislative Appropriation Bill passed.

SATURDAY, April 29th.—No session.



Shoe and Leather Building.

Pennsylvania Railroad Centennial Depot.

United States Government Building.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—VIEW, LOOKING NORTH, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA



Machinery Hall. Agricultural Hall. Judges' Pavilion. Horticultural Hall. Main Building.
 PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CENTENNIAL DEPOT AND THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.—SEE PAGE 163.

MY SISTER'S DREAM.

A BROTHER whom I loved so well,
Long years was lost, and I grew sad;
The truth, of him, I gladly tell:
He was the purest joy I had,
And oft I wondered what his fate
Might be in some lone distant land:
In sorrow I was doomed to wait,
To grasp once more his loving hand.

One midnight, wearied with despair,
I slept, and dreamed of him alone—
Of every danger I would dare
To see him once again—my own!
I murmured, "Come, oh! come to me!
Why hast thou left me here to pine?
No other form I e'er can see
So dear, so idolized, as thine!"

I heard a voice with silvery tone,
Exclaim: "Behold, thy brother's near;
Look, maiden! is he not thine own?
'Tis he! 'tis he! and hastening here!"
The voice was hushed: my dream was o'er,
As daylight dawned, cloudlike it died;
I woke—I saw, and clasped once more,
My brother! standing by my side!

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER VIII.—WITH WHOM WE SPENT A NIGHT IN THE PINE FORESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THERE was something very striking in the appearance of the elderly lady of this remote homestead lost in the dense pine forests of North Carolina. The house was very plain, the furniture consisting of rude pine articles apparently made in the backwoods; but here and there I observed some object—an ancient and elegantly carved oaken arm-chair, a chest elaborately ornamented, and on the wall a claymore with a richly chased hilt—which indicated a very different style of living at some previous time.

The gray-haired lady exhibited the same peculiarities. Her dress was homespun, but she wore a sort of cap of the most costly lace. She was knitting a coarse woolen stocking, but on her thin hand sparkled in an antique ring a magnificent diamond. Her manner was that of a person of the best society—refined, courteous, and composed. A youth of eighteen who came in saluted us as courteously. He was clad in a Scottish plaid, and his accent, like that of the elder lady, was unmistakably Scottish.

An excellent supper soon smoked on the board, and having done it full justice, we sat down before the cheerful blaze—the young Scotchman smoking, the lady calmly knitting.

The natural topic of conversation was the war in the region, and the lady slowly shaking her head, said that the times were dreadfully unsettled. Her husband, she added, was absent, and the country so unsafe that she feared she would have to return to her own country.

"Your country, madame?" I said. "You mean Scotland?"

"Yes, sir," was the calm reply. "I am from Scotland."

"The Carolinas," I said, "must be disagreeable to you in other particulars, madame—from the unpleasant contrast between your superb highland scenery, and this flat land of pine forest and barren. But perhaps you are not a native of the highlands, but of the lower country, towards the Tweed."

"No, sir," said the lady, in her tranquil voice, going on composedly with her knitting. "I am a native of South Uist, and was educated at Edinburgh, but my girlhood was spent among the cogs of Carralale, and I have passed many years in the Isle of Skye, where the scenery is very wild and grand."

"It must be striking, indeed," I said, "and the historic traditions, or, rather, events, of the locality must render the Isle of Skye deeply interesting. It was to this secluded spot that Charles Edward, the Pretender, escaped, I believe, after the battle of Culloden."

"Yes, sir."

"No doubt the tradition is familiar to you—but, stay! will you permit me, madame, to be so ill-bred as to say that it is possible you were in the island at the very time of the adventure of the Pretender?"

"Yes, sir—it is not ill-bred to refer to the age of an old woman like myself. I am sixty, and was a well-grown girl at the time, the year 1746—a woman, indeed."

"And you were cognizant of the incidents of the escape of Charles Edward, madame?"

The lady hesitated for a moment, and then said: "Perfectly cognizant, sir."

"And have no objection, I hope, to relate them?"

"None at all, sir. The Prince, after the terrible defeat at Culloden, escaped to the Highlands, where he concealed himself. This was a matter of very great difficulty, as the Government had offered a great reward for his capture, and he was forced at last to fly in an open boat to South Uist, where he found refuge at the house of a gentleman of the island. Here he remained for a short time only, when—"

"You were then on the island, perhaps, madame?"

"Yes, sir: but to tell you of the Prince. Three thousand English soldiers were sent to search every nook of South Uist, and armed vessels surrounded the island in order to prevent his escape. His fate indeed seemed sealed. He had hidden himself in a cave among the crags of Carralale, but here he must soon be discovered."

"When Flora M'Donald bravely came to his assistance and rescued him!" I said.

"I see you have heard the story," said the lady, quietly continuing her knitting.

"But not the details, madame. Will you be good enough to relate them?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"You knew Miss M'Donald, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"A beauty, was she not?"

The lady smiled, and I thought I saw the young Scotchman look at her and do the same.

"No, sir," said the lady.

"But she was a most courageous and devoted young lady, at least, and a true friend of the Pretender."

"She was not an adherent of the Prince, sir, but was reluctant to see a poor fugitive seized and dragged to his death."

"So she devised her plan to rescue him?"

"It was devised for her by Lady M'Donald, her relative, and she consented. She procured a passport for herself and an Irish maid, Betsy Bourke, to go to the Isle of Skye; then she went to the cave where the Prince was concealed—he was dressed in female clothes to represent the Betsy Bourke named in the passport; then they embarked in a boat for Skye, and reached it safely, though they were tossed by a tempest and the boat nearly foundered."

"At Skye they were safe, I suppose—the Prince and the heroic maiden?"

"No, sir. The very house to which they were going, the house of Sir Alexander M'Donald, was full of English soldiers, so the Prince was compelled to hide in another cave. From this they emerged at night and made a journey of twelve miles on foot to Pontaroe, where the Prince bade Miss M'Donald farewell and embarked for France, which he reached in safety."

"And the young lady was arrested and taken to London?"

"Yes, sir."

"And afterwards pardoned?"

"Very generously by His Majesty. He visited her in the Tower and said to her, 'How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?' when she replied: 'It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty had you been in a like situation.' Indeed Miss M'Donald, as I informed you, sir, was not a political friend of the Prince Charles Edward."

"Your narrative is highly interesting, madame," I said. "And can you inform me of the subsequent fate of this brave young heroine?"

"She was released from prison and sent back in a fine coach to Scotland."

"Where she married some brave gentleman, I hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"And lived and died?"

"Perhaps," said the lady. "But you must be weary, gentlemen. Your beds are prepared."

She rose as she spoke, and the young man, with a singular expression of amusement in his face, ushered us to our rooms, where we retired and soon fell asleep.

On the next morning we found a savory breakfast awaiting us, and when we had finished, bade our excellent hostess good-by, and mounted our horses. I was about to ride away when the lady, who was standing at the door, made me a sign that she wished to say something to me, and I approached her.

"I fear that I came near uttering an untruth to you last night, sir," she said, calmly.

"You!—an untruth, madame?"

"When you desired me to inform you whether Flora M'Donald had not lived and died in Scotland, I replied 'Perhaps!'"

"Yes, madame."

"Equivocation is wellnigh as inadmissible as falsehood, sir. Flora M'Donald was married to her cousin, Allan M'Donald, who brought her and their children to America, where they settled among their Scottish countrymen in—North Carolina."

"In North Carolina?"

"Yes, sir. I have only to add that I am myself Flora M'Donald!"

With these words, the lady bowed to me very courteously, and closed the door, leaving me gazing at the spot where she had stood, in utter astonishment.

We had spent the evening with the heroine who had rescued the Pretender, Charles Edward, at the risk of her life when he was hunted by the whole power of the English Government, and a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling was offered for his head!

CHAPTER IX.—THE RACE FOR THE DAN.

WE rode on rapidly, and late at night reached the headquarters of General Nathaniel Greene, near the Cheraw Hills, in the Chesterfield District, South Carolina. They were at a small farmhouse, and when we entered, the general, with a careworn expression on his face, was seated at a table, writing.

General Greene, the famous Rhode Islander, was a man of about forty, of large person, rather corpulent, with a fair complexion, and a very mild and serene expression of countenance. He was clad in a well-worn uniform, and impressed me as a thorough, business-like soldier.

He received us quietly and courteously, but at the news of Morgan's victory his face suddenly glowed. Tearing to pieces the paper which he had just written, he exclaimed:

"Heavens be thanked! At last I have something agreeable to write to his Excellency! Tarleton routed, do you say, captain? That is enough to stir any one's pulse!"

"I had the pleasure of pursuing him, sword in hand, general," said Marcus, "and regret that he was better mounted than myself."

"Yes, yes—and Morgan is across the Catawba! I must join him at once. You shall go with me, captain."

"Will you take Lieutenant Cary, too, general? He was captured by Tarleton and can give you some details."

"Yes, Lieutenant Cary will go with me—we can converse on the way. Be ready at daylight."

And leaving us in charge of a member of his staff, the general began to write a new dispatch to Washington.

Precisely at daylight we were in the saddle, spurring back over the route we had come. Greene had left his forces in command of General Huger, with orders to march rapidly northward towards Salisbury, to form a junction with Morgan; and was galloping with Marcus, myself, and a sergeant's-guard of dragoons, to catch up with Morgan, near the Catawba.

We had a hard ride of more than a hundred miles through the interminable pines, exposed at every moment to the troops of Tarleton.

At last we safely reached the American camp on the Catawba, on the opposite bank of which were visible the camp-fires of Lord Cornwallis; and Greene held a rapid consultation with Morgan. The result was a resolution to fall back until Huger and Lee's cavalry arrived—to join his forces, and then fight.

On the same night the enemy began to move towards the fords. The rain was falling heavily, but the Americans were on the alert. In company with General Greene I rode down to the bank, and by the light of the not yet extinguished camp-fires, I could see the British column, preceded by their mounted officers, marching through the broad current of the Catawba.

Suddenly the Americans opened fire, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The British officer in front was shot down as he reached the eastern bank; the horses of two others, afterwards known to be Generals O'Hara and Leslie, rolled over in the water; and Lord Cornwallis, who led the

* This lady afterwards returned to Scotland with her husband and children, where she died.

column, had his horse shot just as he spurred up the bank.

It was impossible to make further resistance, and the Americans retreated, losing as they did so the brave General Davidson, who was killed just as he was mounting his horse.

Morgan had retreated with the main body long before, and exclaiming, "Come, gentlemen!" General Greene spurred back through the gloomy night.

The ride was a dreary one. The rain fell heavily, and the roads were a quagmire. We rode all night, and on the next morning reached Salisbury in sorry plight.

At the door of the main inn, the chief surgeon met us.

"How do you do, general?" he said. "I hope you are well."

Greene shook his head. "I am fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless."

The landlady, Mrs. Steele, was standing by and at once invited us in, where a cheerful meal was spread upon a table. She then closed the door, looked cautiously around, and drew from beneath her apron two small bags which gave forth the almost forgotten clink of gold coin.

"I heard what you said, general," she said. "Take these; you will want them, and I can do without them."

Greene refused them, but I could see that he was strongly affected.

He pushed on towards Guilford Court House, Cornwallis following rapidly. Here he was joined by General Huger and Lee's cavalry, and then began the celebrated race towards the Dan—the Americans aiming to reach it, the enemy to cut them off and capture them before they could arrive and cross to the north bank.

I shall never forget that remarkable steeple-chase. Every hour, nay, every moment, counted. The main body was pressing on towards the fords of the Dan, while Lee's Legion brought up the rear, closely pursued by O'Hara.

The adversaries were constantly in sight of each other, and the men were rarely out of the saddle. They had one meal a day, which they ate holding their bridles. In two days they slept six hours, lying by their horses. The crack of carbines was incessant, and now and then came the clash of the sabre.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee, and the gallant Otho Williams, of Maryland, met the enemy at every step. The bluff and soldierly face of the ruddy Virginian, and the mild, almost sweet countenance of the courtly Marylander were flushed as the face of a huntsman in presence of the lion or the tiger.

I particularly recall one incident of this retreat. We had stopped at a farmhouse to snatch a mouthful of food, when a countryman spurring a foaming horse came from the direction of the enemy.

"They are upon you, colonel!" he exclaimed.

Lee leaped to saddle and called for Captain Mark Armstrong, who hastened up.

"Take twenty men and advance on the enemy," he said. "Fall back if they press you—I will be ready!"

Armstrong mounted, and followed by twenty men, went at full gallop towards the enemy.

Lee then hastened with his main force to a wood on the side of the road, and formed for battle. He had scarcely done so when a sharp firing was heard, and Armstrong came back, followed by a strong force of British cavalry, close on his heels.

In our force was a young bugler, a mere boy, who carried no arms, and was riding a little pony. He was crossing the road as the enemy came on, but before he could escape, a British dragoon most wantonly, and against all usage, cut him down, mortally wounding him, though he begged for mercy.

I was near Colonel Lee, and could see his face fill with fury. Drawing his broadsword, he shouted "Charge!" and his men burst upon the enemy, who, taken completely by surprise, broke in disorder, leaving the ground covered with their dead.

Among the captured was Captain Miller, who had led the British force. Lee reined in his horse, and faced him, with a furious frown.

"You commanded in this charge?" he said.

"I did!" was the reply.

"You cut down my bugler, an unarmed boy—you shall hang for it!"

He turned to an officer: "A rope!—hang this man, who forgets that he is an officer!"

The officer turned pale.

"He was cut down by a drunken trooper, without any order from me!" he exclaimed.

"I hold you responsible! Hang him!" he repeated.

A heavy volley, accompanied by shouts, was all at once heard. Two hundred yards distant was seen the British infantry rushing upon us. Lee ordered the prisoner to be taken to General Greene, fell back, and the pursuit and retreat continued.

The last day was one long battle. On the previous night we had given up all for lost. What seemed to be the camp-fires of Greene were seen near—fortunately he had hastened away long before, and the patriotic country-people had kept the fires burning to deceive the enemy.

The final race was critical. The enemy were straining every nerve. Lee and Williams fought the ground inch by inch—moving on parallel roads—when at noon a courier, covered with mud, met us with the message from Greene:

"I have crossed the Dan safely!"

A shout went up, and Lee hastened on. He was now within ten miles of the river. Williams moved to an upper ford, and Lee sent his infantry on rapidly to the ford in front, drawing up his dragoons to cover their rear.

This was the last and most exciting struggle. A resolute attack was made upon us, and from hill to hill the hard sabre-fight went on.

At twilight there was a lull, and taking advantage of a wood which concealed him from the enemy, Lee set out with his troopers at a long gallop towards the river, whose wooded banks we reached just as night fell.

Opposite were Greene's camp-fires, and boats had been provided for our crossing. Lee's infantry were already over. The cavalry lost no time. The enemy were heard rushing with shouts towards us. The horses were hurried into the stream; the men entered the boats; and Colonel Lee stepped into the last boat just as the British cavalry thundered to the bank.

I was in the boat with Colonel Lee, having been detained last by a worn-out horse. As the boat flew on, a shower of balls came from the enemy.

"They fire badly," said Colonel Lee, standing erect in the boat.

As he spoke I felt a quick pain in my shoulder, and putting my hand to the spot, found it covered with blood.

After this I only remember seeing the men landing from the boats, the horses scrambling up the bank, and the opposite shore swarming with the British infantry—uttering yells and firing wildly. A shout of triumph rose from Greene's army in response. Then I must have fainted, for I recall nothing further.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER I.—IN AND OUT OF THE EDDY.

THE first sweet days of April had come to dower the world with springing grass, and budding foliage, and flowers and the songs of happy birds; and I was back at my dear old home of Hunsdon, pale and weak from the wound in my shoulder received as I crossed the Dan.

I had been most kindly nursed by an excellent lady of that neighborhood, and at last had grown strong enough to mount my horse and proceed at a slow walk towards home. Everywhere upon the way I received the kindest attentions; and thus traveling slowly, reached home on a Winter's evening—to be caught in the arms of my dear father and mother, who shed tears as they looked at my pale, thin face, but blessed God that I was restored to them. Is there anything more beautiful and sacred than parental love? I know of nothing. It blesses, I think, those who give and those who receive it. The merciful Creator of mankind Himself makes the tenderness of His appeals to us when He says, "You give me thy heart," and teaches us to pray "Our Father"—and woe to the man who allows the hard fight of the world, or its miserable pursuits, to dull in him that first and supremely sacred instinct of the heart—the love of parents, in response to the love they gave him.

To be at Hunsdon in those fresh Spring days, after so many rude and bustling adventures on the highway, in the forests, in upland and lowland, was an exquisite delight. The quiet old homestead—the very air which fanned it—all was a sort of balm to me. I have said that the old mansion stood on the right bank of James River, some miles below Richmond; and across the rolling fields and beautiful stream you saw "Wilton," the home of the Randolphs on its wooded height, while north and south and west the fertile meadows were hemmed in by belts of woodland, budding now under the sweet influences of Spring.

I went once on an ocean voyage, and saw many admirable scenes—great buildings, famous places, and the wealth of landscape beauty in world-celebrated localities; and then I came back to the Capes of Virginia, slowly ascended the broad current of the James, and drew near home. As I did so, I experienced I know not what strange, sweet sentiment—a sort of foolish joy—at sight of the old familiar scenes, the dilapidated wharfs, the yellow river, the plain old homesteads dotting the banks, each dearer to me than all else I had seen, however grand and beautiful. I felt thus now, as I came back from my far campaigning, and wandered with delight in the old haunts of my childhood. I would stroll for hours about the grassy grounds, in the terraced garden, with its white trellises, or down to the river; or, seated on the porch while against the walls of time embrowned brick, would read and muse, in a mood of delightful idleness. The house within—its wainscoting and carvings, its ancient staircase, its tall old mantelpieces, the furniture darkened by age—all appealed to my heart in the tenderest manner; and I blessed heaven for this good old home, where love and quiet and the memory of other years combined to soften every sentiment of my being. What is like home? The young man longs to see the great world, with all its glittering scenes, but the man who reaches middle age discovers that the red sunset on ancestral woods, seen from an old porch, is better!

This period of idle musing and serene enjoyment was not destined to last.

With the month of May came Lord Cornwallis, who, leaving General Greene to march back to the Carolinas, concentrated his forces at Petersburg for the invasion of Virginia. Busting events had already occurred there. My former acquaintance, General Arnold, paid for his treason with a commission in the British army, had advanced to Richmond, driven Jefferson, now Governor, away; burned the town, and harried the banks of the James. Then General Phillips had occupied Petersburg, had been attacked there, had been seized with a fever, and as the cannon of Lafayette thundered from Archer's Hill, had expired, exclaiming: "Won't they let me die in peace!"

Then, finally, as I have said, Lord Cornwallis had arrived, intent on making Virginia feel the heavy hand of war; and Lafayette, intrusted by Washington with the defense of his own paternal soil, had taken post on the wooded heights of Wilton, opposite Hunsdon, to defend the capital.

Such was the situation of affairs towards the end of May, and I woke to the conviction that Hunsdon was no place for me longer. The enemy's scouting parties were beginning to scour the country, and I ran imminent danger of being captured at any moment. My resolution was soon taken. It was better to be captured, arms in hand, if I was to be captured; so pale, thin and weak as I was, I buckled on my sword, mounted my horse, and taking leave of my dear father and mother, rode down to the river, was ferried over, and proceeded towards Wilton, around which were encamped the troops of Lafayette, whose cannon were trained upon the bend in the narrow stream towards the south.

From the tranquil eddy—dear old Hunsdon—I had floated out again into the current of war.

CHAPTER II.—THE BOY WHO COULD NOT ESCAPE MY LORD CORNWALLIS.

I FOUND General Lafayette in his marquee on the Wilton Heights, and although my personal acquaintance with him was slight, had the honor of being recognized by him.

"Ah! mon cher Lieutenant Cary!" he exclaimed, rising and offering me his hand with all the courtesy and vivacity of his nation. "I am charmed to see you! But you are pale, *malade*—is it that you are wounded?"

"A little, general. Allow me to congratulate you on your own health, which seems excellent," I said.

Indeed, the gallant nobleman was the picture of youthful vigor. He was at this time a little more than twenty-three years of age; and that Washington should have intrusted to so young a person a separate command, amounting to three thousand men, to oppose an adversary like Lord Cornwallis, was sufficient evidence of the estimate formed of his military ability. He had fairly won this mark of confidence. Giving up rank and wealth in France, and even leaving a young wife in the flower of her charms, he had come to America to fight for us—had lived hard, fought hard, risked his person everywhere, and adhered to the cause in its darkest hours with that constancy which springs alone from principle and the love of duty. He was now to prove that his military capacity was equal to his faithful devotion to the cause.

He wore, when I saw him this day at Wilton, the uniform of an American major-general, and his superb sword and laced hat lay upon the table.

He made me sit down and give him an account of the Southern campaign, to which he listened with deep interest.

"Ah!" he said, "the General Greene is a man after the heart of his Excellency. What a skillful retreat! His name will be one of the *éblouissements* of history."

"As yours will be, my dear general," I said, impulsively: "let me say that—not to flatter you—it is your due."

"Ah, no! You jest, *mon cher* Lieutenant Cary! What am I but a *garçon*? And, stay; is it not my Lord Cornwallis who testifies that I am such? But yesterday, a man I had sent to Petersburg came back and gave me intelligence. He was at the house of excellent Madame Bolling, which is called 'Bollingbrook,' where his lordship has his quarters, and heard my lord say—can you tell me what his lordship said, *mon ami*?"

I smiled, shaking my head.
"I shall tell you, then! The General O'Hara, who is not polite, it is said, spoke of a certain youthful General Lafayette, who had the audacity to oppose his lordship. His lordship, the General Cornwallis, smiled with contempt, and replied, 'The boy cannot escape me!'"

"Well, general, we have a favorite proverb in Virginia, that pride goes before a fall."
"I hope that! The boy at least will try to escape his lordship! He will do his best exertions, at least. Happy will he be if the greatest of all men—his Excellency—shall say, 'Well Done.'"

The words in their gay French accent were scarcely uttered when a courier arrived at full speed, and handed Lafayette a dispatch, which he read attentively. He then raised his head and said: "The enemy—they are crossing in heavy force at Westover."

"You will fight them, general?"
He shook his head.

"It is not possible. My orders forbid me. Need I say I burn to engage the enemy? No, no! It is not his lordship that I fear—I fear myself!"

An hour afterwards orders were given for the army to be ready to march at a moment's warning. Couriers continued to arrive bringing fresh intelligence. Lord Cornwallis was rapidly transferring his army to the north bank of the James below the mouth of the Appomattox River, to advance and attack Lafayette before he was joined by General Wayne, coming from the north to reinforce him. I was with Lafayette during the rest of the day, and he frequently addressed me with the frankness of a young soldier.

"I must retreat—I am sorry!" he said. "I have but fifty dragoons. I fear that numerous and excellent cavalry which messieurs my militia dread as they dread wild beasts! No! *mon cher*—the boy will not fight!—the boy will escape my Lord Cornwallis!"

The English general was now reported to be steadily advancing, and Lafayette put his troops in motion towards the Rappahannock. I mounted to accompany them, but soon discovered that I had miscalculated my strength. A sudden dizziness made me lean for support on the pommel of my saddle, and General Lafayette, beside whom I rode, passed his arm around me, exclaiming: "Ah! you faint, *mon cher* lieutenant!"

"In fact, I am—a little weak, my lord."

"A little!—it is a great deal! You will never have the strength to ride with me—I shall move so quick!"

"I cannot return home. I will be captured."

"You must, then, go to some good friend!"

No advice could be sounder, but whether should I go? I could not return to the Hunsdon neighborhood—I could not go with the army. All at once I thought—"I will go to Claremont or Duncannon, which are off the track of the two armies!" and at that thought my pulse leaped.

"You are right, general," I said. "I regret to leave you, but I see that I must. I have a friend who will give me shelter for a short time. May you foil Cornwallis!"

"Do not fear, *mon cher* Lieutenant Cary! The boy will escape his lordship!"

And the gallant young marquis pressed my hand cordially, and rode on at the head of his troops, while I turned my horse's head eastward, and rode slowly in the direction of the Peninsula.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CENTENNIAL DEPOT IN PHILADELPHIA—THE TURKISH COFFEE HOUSE—EXPOSITION WATCHMEN.

A LARGE measure of the success that will attach to the Centennial will be owing to the liberality and enterprise of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. That it has extensively displayed both is shown by the great improvements made at its own expense in the vicinity of the Exhibition Grounds—improvements that were not forced by competition, because its road is the only one running to the grounds. They were provided, therefore, without expectation of money-making, and solely for the accommodation of visitors. Next to the Main Building and Machinery Hall, the first structure to attract the attention of the visitor approaching the grounds on their southern side is the company's new Centennial Depot, just completed. It looks more like a gigantic and very attractive bird-cage than a depot, and possesses many of the characteristics of the Main Exhibition Building, being constructed like it, of wood, iron and glass. In our illustration the building is seen from a point on Belmont Avenue, a few hundred feet south of the Centennial Grounds. In the foreground on the left, and immediately back of the Depot, is seen the top of Machinery Hall; the smaller building between the latter and the Depot is the Shoe and Leather Building; further to the right and rear are the Board of Finance and the Commission Pavilions. The Main Building is seen in the picture on the other side of Belmont Avenue, and Judges' Hall is still further in the rear on the right. Half a mile distant, on the summit of Belmont, is easily seen the Observatory, 150 feet high, with a covered platform on top, capable of accommodating 150 persons at one time. The car, shaped like a cylindrical ring, runs up and down the exterior. Further to the left, and in the background, is the high ground known as George's Hill, from which a bird's-eye view of all the structures may be obtained. The Depot, which is only one of recent important enterprises carried out by President Scott, is 340 by 100 feet in size, fronting on Elm Avenue, which separates it from the Centennial Grounds, and about 200 feet west of Belmont Avenue. The central portion of the building is fitted up as a gentleman's waiting-room, 100 x 130 feet, and west of this is a ladies' waiting-room, 80 x 100 feet. There are in addition a ticket-office, ladies' and gentlemen's retiring-rooms, a parcel-room, a baggage-room, and, in the gallery at the eastern end, offices for the superintendent and telegraph operators. The Depot is about 300 yards distant from the main railroad. Three branch tracks, running from this to the Depot, will be used respectively for trains from New York, Baltimore and the West. The trains will stop at platforms on the southern side of the Depot. Of these platforms, which are

three in number, aggregating 55 feet in width and 1,650 in length, there will be one for each branch track. Departing passengers will enter the Depot, and, having purchased their tickets, proceed by one of three passageways to the particular train which they may wish to board. Passengers will thus be readily classified, and enabled to reach the desired train without trouble. The trains will be so run, that those arriving may be immediately reloaded with passengers, and near the main road are located a number of sidings, upon which may be placed trains not to depart as soon as they arrive.

THE TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

Among the novelties that have lately appeared on the Centennial Grounds is a Turkish Coffee-House, which is being erected close by the Bazaar of the Syrians from Jerusalem. The work, unlike that of its neighbor, is being done by American carpenters, although the Mussulmans are continually about as overseers, or bearing an occasional unwilling hand. The business of dealing out the stimulant in true Ottoman style will be conducted under the auspices of the Turkish Commission, by Messrs. Ludovic and Vallauri, of Constantinople. Customers may sip and smoke, sitting cross-legged on divans, and will be waited upon by solemn-visaged sons of the Porte, in full native costume. The building cost about \$5,000.

THE WATCHMEN AT NIGHT.

The police are not the only surveillants of invaluable property now collected on the Centennial Grounds. When the gloom of night has spread itself over the city that has, phoenix-like, sprung up there, the jolly boys who run the "masheen" to fires may be seen within the buildings and about the grounds, pacing their beats, carrying lighted lanterns in their hands. The Centennial Fire Department now comprises about 150 men, but will be increased to 300 by the opening day. While one portion of them remain on duty at the engine-houses, another is obliged to patrol the grounds and guard against the most dreadful enemy the Centennial Exhibition could have—a fire.

On the first page will be found several illustrations of incidents associated with the preparations for the Exposition, which tell their own stories. A busy din of hastening effort pervades the grounds throughout the day, replaced in the night-time by the measured tramp of the patrols of watchmen and firemen. The exhibitors whose goods have reached their destinations are eagerly striving to get them into place before the opening day; but the American Department is far behind in its preparations. Large invoices of goods are yet to arrive about Europe in the *Supply*, which sailed from Spezzia about the middle of April. On April 23d the Spanish Commission celebrated the anniversary of Cervantes' birthday by one of their number reading aloud to the detachment of Spanish soldiers appropriate passages from the works of the great satirical humorist.

Tiger-shooting in India.

COMMENTING on the recent tiger-slaying exploit of the Prince of Wales, the London *Saturday Review* says: The recent splendid display of the Prime Minister of Nepal recalls visions of grand battues when wild animals were more numerous than they are now, and when two or three tigers might be on foot at one and the same time; but we do not care to provoke incredulity by recounting the number of these animals that are said to have been "padded"—i. e., laid across the mattresses of the elephants—by crack shots in the early years of this century. The following items of sport may, however, be relied on: A general officer, still living, had at one time of his career certificates from the revenue authorities, who are the dispensers of rewards for the destruction of ferocious beasts, to the effect that he had killed more than three hundred tigers—this being about the number of Saracens that Brian de Bois Guilbert had slain with his own hand. Another sportsman, just thirty years ago, on a quiet official tour throughout his own district, came across thirty-one tigers, and accounted for twenty-nine; a proportion which shooters in Norfolk at battues of pheasants would allow to be high. Before the muzzle-loaders of another official, who was quiet alone and had but three or four elephants, there fell, in one morning's sport, three tigers and two rhinoceroses; and only twenty yards back a party, not two hundred miles from Calcutta, had the luck to fall in with five tigers in succession in the course of three hours, and to bag them all. This incident was afterwards made the subject of a lively picture, in which the artist, with very pardonable exaggeration, had portrayed the animals as all falling about the same moment; one was lying dead, another growling out his last breath, and a third was seen with his claws fixed firmly on one of the elephants which filled up the fore and the back ground. Natives, with ancient weapons which are to Brown Bess what Brown Bess is to a modern rifle with explosive bullets, often make wonderful shots and display a coolness which Englishmen would hardly surpass. They also slay their enemies with poisoned arrows, either set in the runs, or fired from some ambush. Now and then they dig pits, and occasionally have been known to surround with nets a small patch of jungle into which a tiger has been seen to retire at dawn of day. The villagers then turn out armed with long spears, matchlocks, and miscellaneous weapons; the tiger is roused by fireworks out of his lair, and is killed or mounded as he tries to force his way through the meshes. A capital description of a stirring event of this sort is to be found in the pages of the *Old Forest Ranger*. We recollect an official report of the gallant conduct of a policeman, who, finding a tiger inside a cow-house, had the presence of mind to bolt the door, and before the imprisoned animal could make any attempt at escape, he was quietly disposed of by a couple of shots from a gun manufactured either at Monghyr or Birmingham. The cleverest stalk of a tiger by a native was, however, the following: A Shikari saw one asleep under the shade of a large tree on the side of a bank, and found no prospect of getting a shot from the land side. So he had recourse to the following expedient: He waded from the opposite bank, gun in hand above the water, which was breast-high, with a long cord fastened to his waist, the other end of which remained in the hands of a confederate on the bank confronting the tiger. When he got noiselessly within twenty paces of the sleeping savage, he delivered his shot, and was immediately jerked violently back under water by his partner. But there was no need of this excessive caution, for one bullet had done the business. Anecdotes of the pertinacity and cunning of the man-eating species of tiger, the terror of a hundred villages, may be contrasted with equally trustworthy stories of his cowardice or indifference when not pressed by hunger. The shout of a herd-boy, or the barking of a dog, has sometimes scared them away. And under the influence of great

atmospheric disturbance, the tiger, like Casca's lion in "Julius Caesar," has not only been known to "go surly by, without annoying," but has sought refuge in a ryot's hut. In the terrible cyclones of 1864 and 1867, leopards and tigers were seen to crouch during the violence of the wind and water, in close proximity to human beings, like domestic cats.

Not very long since the Indian papers were full of discussions as to the best way of ridding districts of these destructive pests. One writer thought that ten shillings or even one pound for a tiger's head was too little to tempt a native to risk limb and life. Another pointed out that an increase in price only led to deceit and selfishness, and that each individual Shikari, instead of making common cause with others, only studied how to keep the large reward entirely to himself. A third complained that it was perfectly useless to get up a party unless you could include in it some official who would prevail on the villagers to show a tiger's haunts. And a fourth seemed to be of opinion that these fine animals were something like sturgeon or wild cattle at Chillingham, and that they should not be laid low by any less noble hand than one of the ruling race. But the upshot of the controversy has led us to the conclusion that while tigers are, on the whole, a persecuted and a diminishing body, there is no fear that, for some years to come, they may not be found in sufficient numbers to test the skill and reward the perseverance of men who, making light of hot winds and the thermometer in tents at 100°, will rise at 4 A. M. in the month of April, and will not return to camp till 2 P. M., when the sky is like copper, the ground like iron, and the rays of the sun are not felt in their intensity only because the atmosphere is thick and heavy with fine sand and dust.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Fine Gold will melt at 2,016 deg. Fab.; pure copper at 1,994 deg.; fine silver at 1,783 deg.; and pure spelter at 773 deg.

The Feath is Announced of Signor Severino Grattoni, the Italian engineer, who, amid great obstacles, carried out the execution of the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

An Antwerp Chemist has lately discovered that the vapor of chloroform will not only extinguish the flames of petroleum vapor very speedily, but will even destroy its explosive and combustible proportions, if mixed with it. This discovery may prove capable of practical application in the prevention of fires.

M. Balard, the well-known natural philosopher, who has taken part in most of the International Exhibitions that have been held, has died at Paris at the age of seventy-four. M. Balard was a member of the Academy of Sciences for more than thirty years. He was Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne. He leaves no written book, but his teaching was much admired.

A Commission of the Geographical Society of Paris has awarded the Society's Great Medal to Dr. Nachtigal, the German North African explorer. It is stated that owing to the arrival of Lieutenant Cameron, steps will be taken by the Society to award extraordinary honors to the British explorer who has done so much for African discovery. The anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society is to take place on the 9th of April.

A Station for Agricultural Experiments has been established at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, by the State of Connecticut. Dr. Atwater, Professor of Chemistry in the University, is the director, and Dr. W. C. Tilden, with two assistants, is the acting chemist. The State appropriation being insufficient to defray all the expenses of the station, Mr. Orange Judd, who had previously given \$50,000 to the University, agrees to make up the deficiency.

The Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain asks for supplementary funds to complete deep borings in the lowest strata of the Wealden district, for the purpose of discovering what kind of paleozoic or primary rocks lie there beneath the secondary formation. The funds raised for this private undertaking are nearly exhausted by boring to the present depth of 1,900 feet, and will give out at 2,000 feet. It is hoped to attain a depth of 2,500 feet, an achievement which would be of great scientific, if not of commercial, value.

Protection of Timber Lands and Prevention of Land Speculation.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office declares that the pine forests of the United States are rapidly and wastefully being exhausted by speculators and lumber companies, and must soon be placed under private guardianship. He proposes to throw them open to purchase at their appraised value, and also to abolish the pre-emption law, and to make the homestead system the only method of acquiring agricultural lands. This proposal is earnestly urged upon Congress.

Dr. Parkes, who has just died in England at the comparatively early age of fifty-six years, was a man whose loss will be felt in many circles of society. The Army Medical School owes its efficiency to his exertions and example. Among his numerous scientific papers may be mentioned three on the "Effects of Diet and Increase in the Elimination of Nitrogen during Muscular Action"; and also papers on the "Effects of Alcohol on the Human Body." He was said to be a model of what a scientific physician should be, and to this he joined a character that attracted the love of all who knew him.

The Tellurium Excitement.—Considerable excitement has been raised in California by the report of the discovery of tellurium, and the statement that it was worth \$3,000 a pound. The estimates of its value are greatly exaggerated, as it has no uses in the arts, and can be purchased in Europe for about \$200 a pound, as a chemical curiosity. Tellurium is a white, brittle, easily fusible metal, having a specific gravity of 6.257. It is extremely rare, occurring in ten minerals only, but as in some of these it is associated with gold and silver, it occasionally makes its appearance at the mint. The Austrian specimens are quite rich in gold. In the United States, tellurium has been discovered in Virginia, North Carolina, Colorado, and recently in California. It is said to be also in the atmosphere of the fixed stars, and is particularly noticeable in Aldebaran. When required for any purpose it is usually made from telluride of bismuth, known as tetradymite.

Discovery of Prehistoric Human Bones.—While some workmen were excavating in a quarry of Jurassic limestone, near the town of Cravanche, France, they came upon a small opening, which was found to lead into a cave of large dimensions. On entering the cavern, the floor was found to be covered with human bones. The skulls were raised slightly above the level of the rest of the bodies, which appear to be in a somewhat bent position. Several polished flint weapons have also been found, also polished stone bracelets, and a mat of plaited rushes. The public authorities at once stationed a guard to protect the cave, in the interests of science, and it is believed that at least one entire skeleton can be recovered from the stalagmitic covering. A writer in a French journal expresses the belief that remains will be found not only belonging to the Tertiary, but even to the Cretaceous period. The cavern is situated in a bed of one of the lower strata of the Jurassic period, on the exact limit of the shore of the ancient Jurassic Sea.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is reported that Judge and Mrs. Henry Hilton and Mrs. A. T. Stewart will sail for Europe in June.

Mr. WALTER H. FRENCH, of Boston, has been appointed Journal Clerk of the House of Representatives.

THE United States Consul at Constantinople, Dr. Eugene Schuyler, is in London supervising the publication of his work on Turkestan.

GOVERNOR RICE has vetoed the Bill to legalize the marriage of James Parton, on the ground that the Act is not within the constitutional power of the Legislature.

Dr. J. C. RODRIGUES, editor of *O Novo Mundo*, published in this city, is acting as private secretary to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil during their visit to America.

THE husband of Mrs. Tracy, of Buffalo, *née* Agnes Ethel, retired actress, has come into possession of his mother's estate, worth about two hundred thousand dollars.

MR. A. V. STOUT, President of the Shoe and Leather Bank of this city, has given \$40,000 to endow a professorship in the Drew Theological Seminary, and an equal sum to the Wesleyan University.

MR. CHARLES D. MATTHEWS, of this city, has bought the Le Grand Lockwood property in Norwalk, Conn., for \$100,000. The original outlay on the mansion was three-quarters of a million dollars.

GEORGE W. CHILDS will entertain at his residence in Philadelphia, during "the opening week," the President of the United States, the poet Longfellow and his daughters, and other distinguished personages.

THE Rev. Dr. William Stevens Perry has been elected President of Hobart College at Geneva. He was recently elected President of Kenyon College in Ohio, but he has not yet accepted the offer. It is believed that he will accept the invitation to Hobart College.

THE royal family of Greece left Athens on the 22d instant for Copenhagen, where they will pass the Summer. It is astonishing what trouble the reigning sovereigns of Europe are taking to show their people how easy it is to get along comfortably without them.

ONLY five new members can be elected annually to the National Academy of Science. Those honored the present season are: Professor S. S. Haldeman, philologist; Dr. C. H. F. Peters, astronomer; General G. K. Warren, United States Engineer; Clarence King, geologist; Professor S. P. Langley, astronomer.

THE regatta of the College of the City of New York will take place May 5th. Twenty-five boats, under Commodore Edgar T. Weed, will participate. The fleet will rendezvous at the Palisades on the Hudson, where several competitive efforts will be made prior to returning to the starting-point at the Third Avenue Bridge.

EX-GOVERNOR ARCHIBALD DIXON, of Kentucky, died at his residence in Henderson, Ky., April 23d, after an illness of many weeks. He succeeded Henry Clay in the United States Senate in 1852, and was for many years distinguished in State and National politics. He was seventy-four years old, and had lived in Henderson since 1805.

DR. GILEAD PEET, who served with distinction throughout the Franco-German War, and was in Paris during both sieges, has just been created Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, in consideration of the valuable services by him rendered. Dr. Peet is a nephew of the late William Wright, United States Senator from New Jersey, and of the Rev. E. W. Peet, D.D., of St. George's, New York.

A WEALTHY shoemaker of Bremen has had executed life-size statues of the three most celebrated shoemakers in German history. The first of these was the holy St. Crispin, the patron of the shoemakers' craft; the second was the brave Hans Von Sagan, who, in 1370, turned the tide of the great battle of the German orders against the heathen Lithuanians by bearing the Imperial standard into the midst of the enemy; and the third was Hans Sachs, the shoemaker bard.

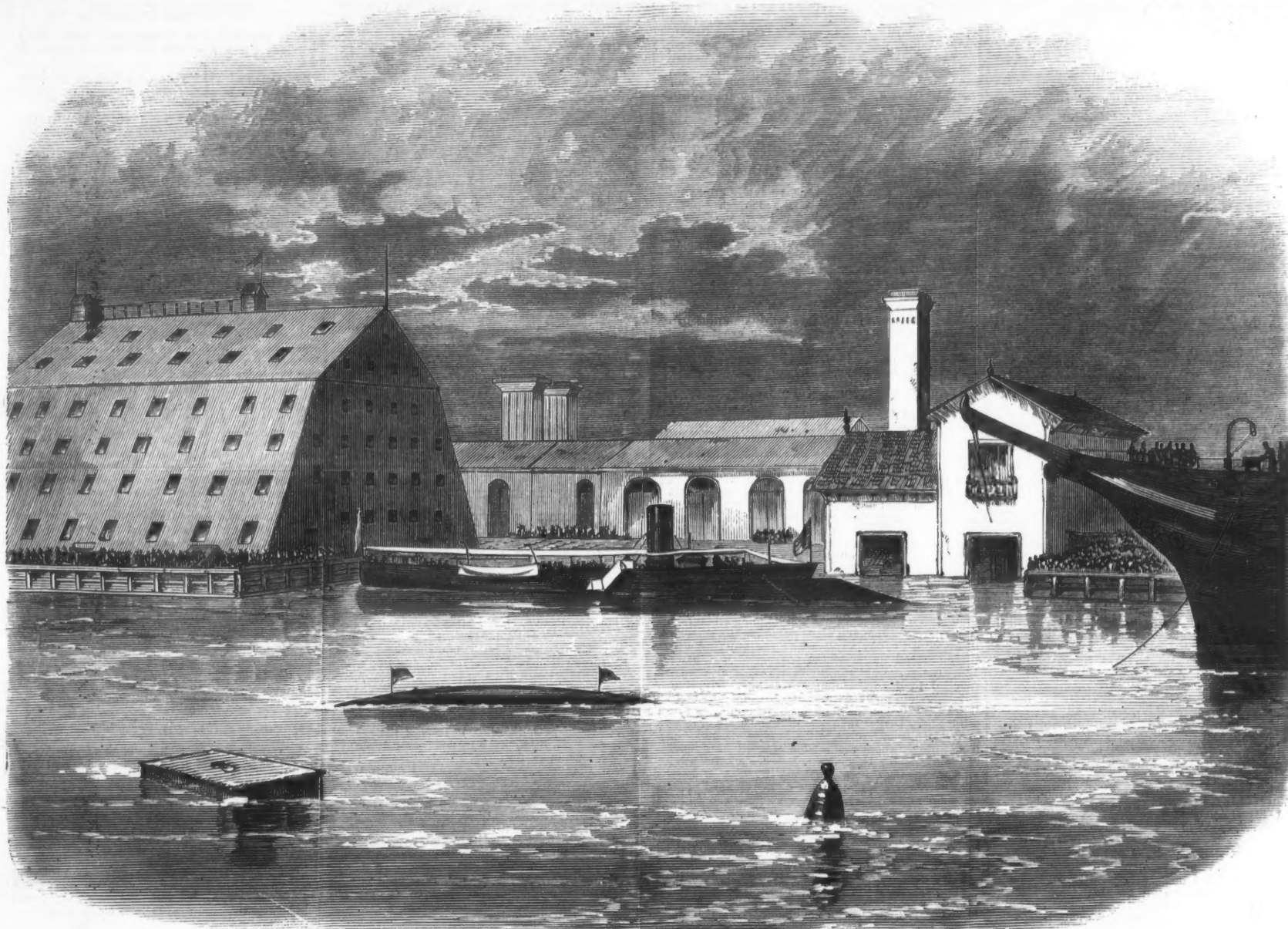
THE Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur (the Duke of Connaught) arrived in Madrid, Spain, April 25th. King Alfonso and suite met them at the Southern Railway Station, with a detachment of infantry forming a guard of honor. The King and the Princes, with their suites, entered the city in seven carriages, each drawn by four horses, escorted by the Royal Horse Guards. On the arrival of the Royal party at the palace they were received by the Grandees of Spain, the Ministers and Court officials, the Royal band playing "God Save the Queen."

THE leading ladies of Saratoga have organized an association for the repair and preservation of Mount Vernon. To this end they held a meeting at the Town Hall last Monday week, when Mrs. E. Walworth was elected President, and made an interesting and patriotic address of great length, which is worthy of being read in every household in the land. Miss Stevens is secretary of the Association, and Miss Prouditt is the Treasurer. The ladies of the local committee comprise the best-known women in Saratoga.

DOM PEDRO has lost his aunt, the Princess Isabella Maria Concepcion Jane Charlotte Guiberta Anna Frances of Assisi Xavier Paula d'Alcantara Antoinette Raphaela Michaela Gabriella Joachina Gonzaga. This lady of many names, and doubtless of many virtues, who died April 22d, was the only sister of Dom Pedro's father, Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil. She was born in 1801 on the 4th of July, which gave her a certain Centennial interest for Americans; and from March, 1826, to February, 1828, she acted as Regent of Portugal during the troubled childhood of her niece, Queen Maria de Gloria.

BARNEY WILLIAMS, the celebrated Irish comedian, died on Tuesday, April 25th, in the fifty-second year of his age. His real name was Barney Flaherty, and he rose from the most humble origin to fame, wealth and popularity, by sheer force of talent and upright conduct. Few actors have ever been more extensively esteemed, and none has left behind him a more unsullied reputation. Mr. Williams' widow is a sister of Mrs. J. W. Florence, and their only child is a girl about thirteen years of age. His funeral was held on April 28th, at St. Stephen's R. C. Church in East 28th Street, and was very largely attended.

COZZENS' HOTEL, near West Point, which, it was recently announced, had been purchased by Mrs. Osborne, of this city, in order to be presented to the New York Hospital as a Convalescent Home, is not likely, it appears, to be devoted to any such charitable purpose. The residents of Highland Falls, where the hotel is situated, were averse to the project from the outset, not regarding a hospital as a desirable neighbor, and steps had been taken to procure an injunction restraining the former owners from conveying the property to Mrs. Osborne. It turns out, however, that there were defects in the foreclosure sale itself, and the property still remains vested in the Cozzens family, who, it is stated, will continue its use this Summer as a hotel.



CAPTAIN BRADFORD, U.S.N., EXPERIMENTING WITH THE LAY TORPEDO AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD, APRIL 22D.—SKETCHED BY J. H. FINCHAM.

IMPROVEMENTS IN NAVAL WARFARE.

AN exhibition of unusual interest, and of great importance to the science and the progress of modern warfare, took place at the Navy Yard in Washington, on Saturday, April 22d. It was a practical trial of the Lay Movable Torpedo, and was made under directions from the Navy Department.

It was witnessed by a board of naval officers composed of Commodore Ammen, Commanders Baldwin and Sicard, Captains Davis and Rodger, and Captain R. B. Bradford, U.S.N. A very large number of visitors, guests and spectators were present, including many prominent officers of the army and navy, Senators, Representatives, and members of the foreign legations; many ladies were present, and the press was well represented.

The operation of the torpedo-boat astonished nearly all the spectators, to whom it was an entire novelty, and the general expression was of unqualified admiration of this most effective implement of modern warfare.

The Lay Movable Torpedo is a cylindrical iron hull, of a cigar shape, twenty-three feet in length, twenty-two inches in diameter, propelled by an engine not worked by steam, and capable of carrying a magazine with an explosive force equal to a ton of gunpowder. The vessel is run submerged in the water, without any person with it or attending it, and is wholly guided and perfectly controlled in all its movements by the operator, who is stationed on shore, or on ship-

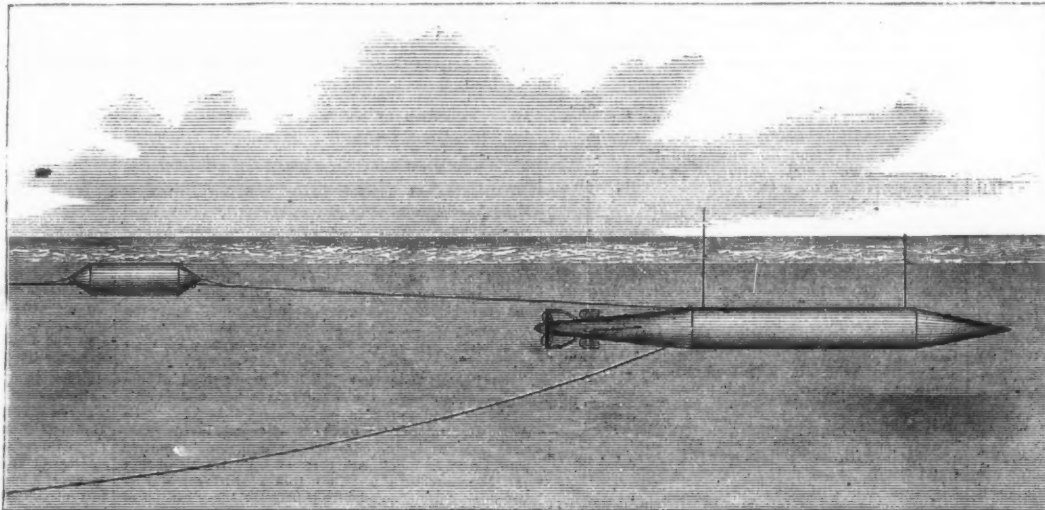
board, who directs all the motions of the boat, and explodes the magazine at will by the agency of a single small electric cable attached to the boat, and which pays out as she runs, the other

Bradford, of the Navy, conclusively demonstrates that the torpedo is as perfectly manageable in action as the most easily handled small-boat; that she can be sent with accuracy and speed in any

out any failure or accident, and the torpedo was exploded instantly on the electric signal. This torpedo cannot explode by concussion, and can only be exploded at the will of the operator, thus securing both safety and certainty in its operation. It was the opinion of those who witnessed the experiment of Saturday that the Lay Traveling Torpedo is the most formidable and effective weapon of warfare ever invented and constructed. Not only for attacking and destroying an enemy's vessel, but for coast and harbor defense, it appears to be in all respects perfectly adapted to the purpose.

It is the result of ten years of careful study and continuous labor on the part of the inventor, Colonel Lay, and he is to be congratulated on the success he has achieved.

Mr. Lay's invention is calculated to revolutionize the entire system of naval warfare, particularly that branch pertaining to harbor defense and protection of fortifications, as well as open combat between floating navies. So fast as shipbuilders have been able to construct the thickest metallic defenses for naval vessels, so fast have manufacturers of guns been able to invent projectiles that will pierce them. The submerged torpedo is impregnable to attack. With its explosion it carries far wider destruction than the most terrific storm of shot and shell, and the loss of life inevitable upon a close naval conflict is entirely avoided. The advantages of the movable torpedo over the fixed mines and the spar torpedo are so apparent that it is not necessary to enumerate them. The torpedo-boat is

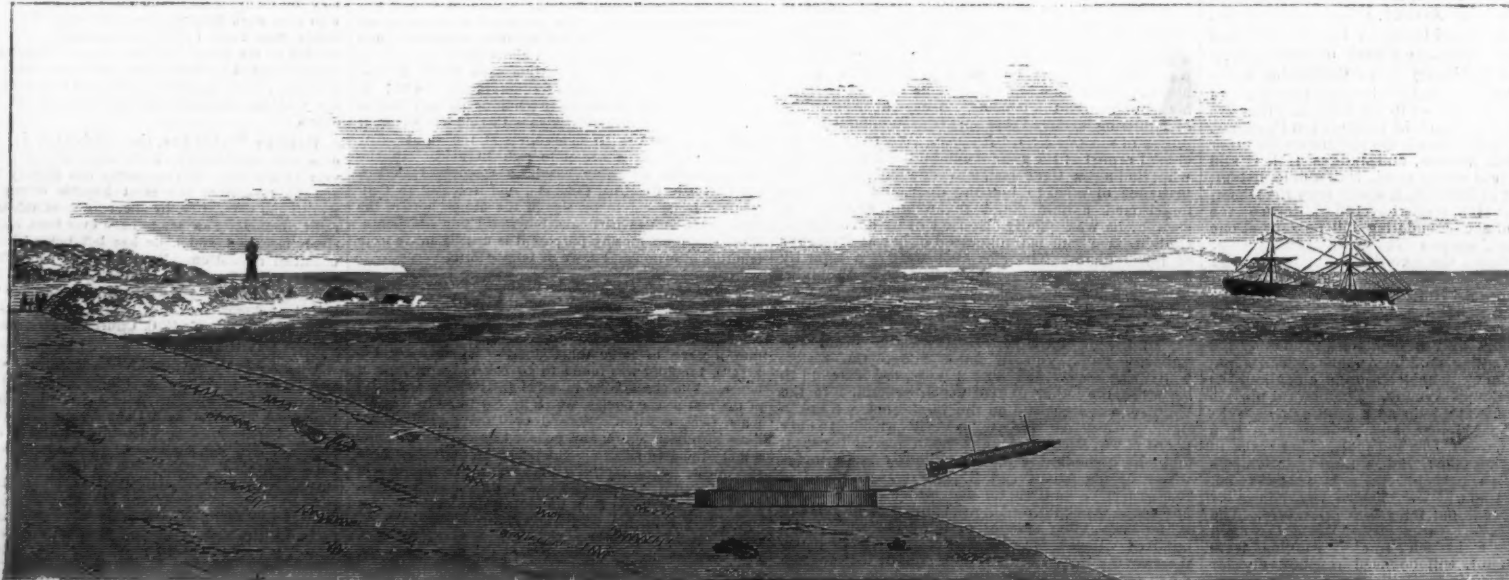


THE LAY TORPEDO TOWING OTHER TORPEDOES.

end being attached to a small keyboard which is under the hand of the operator. The trial of Saturday, the boat being manipulated by Captain

required direction. The water at the Navy Yard is very shallow, and the channel crooked, but the runs made, in all a mile and six-tenths, were with-

tags of the movable torpedo over the fixed mines and the spar torpedo are so apparent that it is not necessary to enumerate them. The torpedo-boat is



MEN ON SHORE DIRECTING THE LAY TORPEDO FROM A SUBMARINE CAISSON TOWARDS AN APPROACHING VESSEL.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—IMPROVEMENTS IN NAVAL WARFARE—THE LAY MOVABLE TORPEDO FOR DESTROYING HOSTILE VESSELS.

calculated to be used in a most efficient manner for offensive warfare. It can be used as a towing-boat to effect an entrance to the harbor of an enemy or approach his fortifications, even if they are protected with fixed mines or torpedoes in the channel. To the Lay torpedo-boat may be attached a line of floating explosive mines, connected with the operator's station as the torpedo itself, with electric cable. The torpedo-boat may be dispatched with these floating mines in tow to open the channel. The mines can be detached from the boat at any given point and sunk in position by an arrangement peculiar to their construction, still retaining their electrical cable connection with the operator's station. They may be fixed at will. Mr. Lay has invented a submarine torpedo-battery for harbor and coast defense. It is similar to the ship-floating torpedo.

THE SUB-TREASURY IN NEW YORK.

RESUMPTION OF SILVER PAYMENTS.

THE FIRST DAY.

UNDER instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury, General Hillhouse, Assistant-Treasurer at New York, began the exchange of silver for currency on Thursday, April 20th, and has continued on every legal day since. A dense crowd of men and boys thronged the outer steps, the corridor on the first floor, the steps leading to the Fractional Currency Department, and the apartment itself. Nothing but currency was received for exchange, and as every package had to be examined carefully, to determine the value and the genuineness of the tens, quarters and halves, an average of but twenty applicants an hour could be served.

The amounts paid out daily have extended from \$10,000 to \$25,000, and at the speed of exchange, it will be many months before the supply of silver at this one depository will be diminished. The coins are put up in packages on the first floor, by weight and not by count, as generally supposed. When \$1,000 have been rolled up in bundles of various amounts, they are placed in a wooden box, and as the packages in the room above are paid out several boxes are sent up to supply the demand. Owing to the rush, many persons exhausted five hours of time and any quantity of patience on the first days before gaining the coveted silver. The majority of applicants were hotel, restaurant, bar and cigar-store keepers, who used the silver as an inducement to secure extra business. Reports were spread throughout the week that in consequence of the heavy withdrawal of currency from circulation, brokers were paying two and three per cent. premium for all pieces not mutilated. The scare was totally unfounded, because any one could get greenbacks exchanged for currency at the Treasury, and the currency could then either be paid in for silver, hoarded for speculation, or sold to brokers, if any would buy. Beyond the irritability expressed by messengers waiting many hours in a line to be served, there was nothing seen in or about the Treasury that differed from the usual routine of paying the interest on Government bonds.

GENERAL T. SAIGO,

CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

GENERAL T. SAIGO, brother of the still more noted Field Marshal of the Empire of Japan, and recently General Commanding in Formosa, who, as Vice-President and Chief Commissioner to the Centennial Exposition from Japan, arrived in this country in March, is one of the celebrities who ought to be better known. He is an Oriental liberator and agitator—the Daniel O'Connell and the Garibaldi of his native land.

At the beginning of the movement for the deposi-



NEW YORK CITY.—EXCHANGING SILVER FOR FRACTIONAL CURRENCY AT THE SUB-TREASURY. APPLICANTS AWAITING THEIR TURN.

Japan, Saigo was properly rewarded for his services. About the year 1857 he was suspected, and being in danger of arrest and execution by the then Tycoon, was obliged to go into exile on an islet near Loo Choo. Three years afterwards he returned and took up his work where it had been interrupted. He was instrumental in drawing up, publishing and presenting the Japanese Declaration of Independence in 1862, for which he was then a second time banished to a remote island. In 1866, it was found that the services of this patriot were again needed by his country, and he was brought home, but in a pitiable condition; he had been confined in a small cage for three years, and was for a long time unable to stand upright or walk without assistance. He recovered in time, to become a prominent leader in the revolution of 1867 and 1868, since which time he has been a power in the land. He and Okubo and Kido were the foremost officers in the combat of 1868 in the march to Yeddo with the present Emperor. Saigo acting as Lieutenant-General and aide-de-camp. Okubo was appointed President of the Japanese Commission to Philadelphia, but was not able to leave Japan.

General T. Saigo is a little under fifty years old, and was well educated in the Japanese and Chinese classics in his boyhood; but since modern science has been introduced from the West, he is a leader in all the liberal movements of the Empire, which has introduced railways, completed telegraph routes, maintained light-houses, given the largest liberty to the press, appropriated large sums of money for schools for education of both men and women, and established schools in the principal cities to teach the arts and sciences. The appointment of General T. Saigo to represent Japan at the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence is peculiarly appropriate.

THE HAYTIEN INSURRECTION.

PRESIDENT MICHEL DOMINIQUE IN EXILE.

THE Republic of Hayti has been the scene of another revolution, resulting in the deposition and banishment of the President, Michel Dominique. During the fighting at Port au Prince, the President

perately wounded, but through the friendship of a subordinate officer, he was sent off to a place of security and nursed to recovery. Two years later he was admitted to the army as an officer, and became general in command of a portion of the Southern District. During the revolution against President Salnave in 1858, he was President of the Southern Department, and was elected a member of the provisional government at the fall of the administration. In May, 1870, he was again placed in command of the Army of the South, and in June, 1874, he was elected President, to succeed Nissage-Saget.

General Biron Canal, who is denominated "the coming President," is a thorough soldier, about forty-four years of age, and was exiled not long ago to Jamaica, when he began plotting against the Haytien Government. His course was so open and extreme, that he was obliged to seek the protection of the American Minister. He is regarded as a brave and honest man.

Anecdote of Major Andre.

A MAGAZINE correspondent in Monticello, Iowa, relates the following incident: "This being Centennial year, I thought to contribute a little incident of the 'lang syne' of New York, intended for a joke, though a very tragic one. Just above the terminus of Twenty-eighth Street, forty years ago, was Kipp's Point, on the East River, in the rear of which ran Cornwallia's trenches, in which, as a boy, I fished many a year. Fronting this creek stood the old stone Kipp mansion, possibly built by Jacobus Kipp, of Irving's 'Knickerbocker.' On the gable end of the house was a face carved in stone, and underneath it the iron figures, 1679. When the British held New York, Major Andre was a frequent visitor to this Kipp mansion, and on very intimate and friendly terms with the family, especially with a young lady, Miss Polly Kipp. When about to leave for West Point, he called to bid good-by, and on parting with Polly, shook hands, exclaiming, 'Come now, Polly, we are old friends; kiss me good-by.' She, in a half-joking way, repulsed him, exclaiming, 'Oh, you be hanged!' and he left. In 1837 one of the sons of the Kipp family (about twenty-six years old) told me that he had this story from his aunt Polly's own lips, and that she was deeply saddened, when on hearing of Andre's fate shortly afterwards, she recalled her words spoken in jest, 'Oh, you be hanged!'"

A Robbers' Cave in Spain.

A STRANGE story comes from Spain. A detachment of soldiers some time ago discovered, in a secluded part of a mountain-chain, a cavern, which was inhabited by robbers who had taken advantage of the civil war in order to ply their criminal avocations. An alcove was attached to this subterranean dwelling, the door of which the soldiers broke open. They were astonished to find the apartment decently furnished, and provided with books, flowers, and even a piano. In an easy-chair sat a venerable old man. The soldiers interrogated him, but obtained only incoherent replies. It has been ascertained, from the confession of one of the robbers, that the old man was the cashier of a banking firm at Burgos; that they had broken into the bank, stolen the safe, and taken the cashier with them, in hopes that he would assist them to open the safe. During the retreat, which was marked by many adventures, the intrepid old man succeeded in evading the vigilance of his guardians for a short time, and secreted the safe in a place where he would be able to recover it afterwards. When the booty was missed, and the robbers failed to ascertain the place where it was concealed, they revived the proceedings of the famous



JAPAN.—GENERAL T. SAIGO, CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER FROM JAPAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.

tion of the Tycoon of Japan, Saigo, with his brother, Yosimiti Saigo, entered heartily into the project. Yosimiti Saigo assisted actively till the end, except while suffering banishment and imprisonment, in the war against the Tycoon, and at the end, in 1867, when a terminus was put to the hereditary Tyconate by the resignation of Hitot-bash, and the office given to the Mikado or present Emperor of



HAYTI.—GENERAL MICHEL DOMINIQUE, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

chaffeurs by roasting the feet of their victim in order to extort a confession. But the inflicted tortures had a different effect. The man became insane, and it was with the object of restoring him to reason that the robbers bestowed the utmost attention on him, in the hopes that when he recovered he would reveal to them the place where the safe was concealed.

FUN.

COUGHT to be allowed to sit down—A merchant of forty years' standing.

NOTHING but court-plaster will stick on the bronzed cheek of a lawyer.

A FRENCH translator is said to have translated the poet's exclamation, "Hail, horrors! hail!" into "How do you do, horrors! how do you do?"

IT is not strange that a person by the name of Winslow should obtain wealth syrup-titiously, though the fact is not soothing to financial sufferers.

SAN FRANCISCO has adjourned her schools for the want of money, and the children now go around throwing stones at heathen Chinese to their heart's content.

"MAMMA, don't you want some nice candy?" said a shrewd little child. "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then if you'll buy some, I'll give you half!" lisped the polite girl.

"A SCHOOLBOY in Maine stabbed his teacher with a gimlet the other day." This was probably because the teacher didn't "teach the young idea to shoot"—and augurs badly for the boy, too.

MODEL verdict of a coroner's jury: "We do believe, after due inquiries, and according to our best knowledge, that we do not know how, when and where said infant came to its death."

WE had supposed that the noble Roman of modern times was slightly given to exaggeration, it is true; but we were little prepared for the official statement that there is a surplus of 10,000,000 lives in the Eternal City.

ON the first of the month one of our fast young men had about fourteen applications for him to pay different little bills he was owing, but he declined them all. He said he had had those April fool tricks played on him before.

THERE was a very little boy wading up to his knees, almost, in the slush on Seventh Street on Friday afternoon, when a passing gentleman said to him: "Why ain't you to school, young man?" "Cos I've got the hoopin' cough!" he explained.

UNLIMITED MEDICAL RESOURCES.

PEOPLE sometimes suppose that Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of specific remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and uro-genital organs; to another, diseases of the digestive system; to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the doctor to meet a long-felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Sufferers from Nervous Disorders, who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a Simple Cure by addressing, Box 2296, New York.

Globe Bird Medicine, for Birds of all kinds, restores health, song and plumage. For sale by all Druggists and Bird-dealers. By mail 25 cents. Address, SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO. 582 Hudson St. N. Y.

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Take at once "Brown's Bronchial Troches," let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is invited to the superior quality of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING FASHIONS.

This week, in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL, will be found Fashion Plates and Descriptions of the Very Latest Styles from Paris, as well as from the most fashionable establishments in New York.

By arrangement with the European Publishers the LADY'S JOURNAL is the only Weekly Fashion Paper in America that announces and describes New Styles simultaneously with their appearance in Paris. The leaders of Fashion in New York, understanding this, are ever on the qui vive for the last LADY'S JOURNAL, and it has now the largest circulation of any exclusively Fashion paper in America among fashionable people, and is the acknowledged leader in American adaptation of Paris styles.

The present Spring Fashions are more radical and decided in their changes than those of any previous season, and the Latest from Paris, as they appear in the LADY'S JOURNAL, are indispensable.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL is sold by all newdealers for 10 cts.; or sent one year, postpaid, for \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1; or single copies for 10 cts., by inclosing the amount to FRANK LESLIE, New York City.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court Street, Boston, Mass. A reliable Physician. Consultation, by mail or at office, free. Office hours from 11 to 3.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3676.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias's VERTICAL LINIMENT for the cure of Aches and Pains, also Cholera, Dysentery, Colic and Vomiting. Warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ARISTOTEL & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Mezzotintoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

When Offenbach recently gave a grand supper and ball in Paris to the artists of the Bouffe world, he presented to La Grande Duchesse Schneider a magnificent bracelet. There not being sufficient time for the purpose, the great composer did not, as he should have done, purchase the ornament from F. J. Nash, 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite A. T. Stewart's.

Official Catalogue of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia containing not only a complete list of all the exhibitors, but replete with handsome steel-plate engravings of all the buildings, and twenty pages of select reading matter on art, science and the progress of the country. Elegantly bound in cloth and covering 1,200 pages; the only authorized and legitimate edition; price \$1.50. Address, JAMES G. MUNDY, 114 William Street, New York.

Jesse A. Crandall, the well-known inventor of Children's Toys and other articles, has just completed an elegant child's carriage to be exhibited at the coming Centennial Exposition. The body is in the form of a shell, covered with a mottled skin, and is suspended from each end by two iron pins connected with steel springs, and by a simple adjustment can be used as a cradle. It is protected by silver guards, which prevent a child from falling out, and is covered by an adjustable canopy. All the ironwork is silver-plated, and is pronounced the most stylish baby-carriage yet invented.

Valuable Discovery.—Dr. C. W. Benson, a practicing physician at 106 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., who has paid much attention to nervous diseases, has discovered that EXTRACT OF CELERY and CHAMOMILE, combined in a certain proportion, invariably cures headache—either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous, or sick headache—neuralgia, and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills at fifty cents per box, postage free. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Episcopal Methodist.* For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists. JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & Co., Agents.

The United States Hotel.—Persons visiting the Centennial Exposition, who desire to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of home, with the privileges and comparative luxury of a first-class hotel, should engage accommodations at the above establishment. Contiguous to the Main Building, and accessible to several lines of street-cars, being located on Columbia Avenue, Forty-second and Viola Streets, it is managed by Mr. P. S. Boothby, with an efficiency and skill that give earnest of a popular and favorite resort. Mr. Geo. Farrar, who, with Mr. E. H. Willard, presides over the office, bring to their position not only experience and knowledge, but a spirit of consideration, and a sentiment of courtesy, that dignify their station and invest it with character. The cuisine is admirable. The tables are supplied from the teaming farms of Mr. R. J. Dobbins with their choicest products, and the markets are drafted for the season's delicacies. The guiding spirit of the "tables d'hôte" is J. F. Murphy, over twenty years the head-centre of the "Clarendon," one of New York's most recherché and elegant hotels. In short, the "United States," with its reasonable rates, situation, officers, and general appliances, cannot fail to prove a nucleus of attraction at the Centennial Grounds.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. Established 1858. Prices, \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Prepared only by

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FROM all parts of the country come daily endorsements of Buchanan's Carbolic Soaps. Their wonderful qualities as Curatives, Preventives and Disinfectants are universally acknowledged, and nearly all the medical and professional fraternity admit that Buchanan's Carbolic Soaps are a blessing to every family. The Toilet Soaps positively remove all imperfections and eruptions of the skin, and purify and whiten it. The Disinfectant Soaps protect all who properly use them from the smallpox, scarlet and all other fevers, and render the premises free from any other contagious diseases. The Plant Protector and Sheep Dip are specific as reliable as they are useful. The entire use of these Carbolic Compounds are of such high character, that Messrs. Wm. F. Kidder & Co. have expended large sums of money to bring them into public notice, and already they are being universally used. A descriptive circular can be had by addressing Wm. F. Kidder & Co., 83 John Street, New York.

A Princely Gift.

ONE year ago Mr. Leslie imported and gave away with every copy of one issue of Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal a copy of "THE THREE CHRISTIAN GRACES," a mammoth engraving printed on paper, 26 x 36 inches—three feet high and two feet two inches wide. This gift exhausted an edition of 100,000 copies. Since then the same picture has been sold by various devices at various prices ranging from 25c. to \$5 per copy. The foreign impressions are claimed by art companies and other picture-dealers to be worth \$30 per copy in gold. In fact, a premium of \$5 has been offered for copies of "The Three Graces" not held by a certain art company. Mr. Leslie now takes pleasure in announcing that with No. 573 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, in which will commence a new story by Christian Reid, author of "Valerie Aymer" entitled "After Many Days," which is said to excel in point of plot, situation and interest any of her former works, he will absolutely give away with every copy of that issue a copy of "The Three Graces," same size and equal in execution to the best ever published. News-dealers will have a full supply, as one will accompany every copy of the paper, and will be presented without any cost to purchasers of No. 573 of the Chimney Corner, and no copy of that issue will be allowed to be sold without the valuable Supplement.

In addition to this gift, Mr. Leslie has caused to be executed an engraving of the great National Picture "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," painted by John Trumbull, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, which will be printed on paper, size 26 x 36 inches, three feet wide and two feet two inches high, and gratuitously presented as a Supplement with No. 574 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner. Subscribers will receive both of these engravings by mail with their paper, and purchasers of single copies will receive them, at no extra cost, at all news-dealers'.

Accepting the value placed on these engravings by dealers and art companies, Mr. Leslie actually gives to his patrons SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS in valuable works of art, with two numbers of his paper—a princely gift indeed. Be sure to secure Nos. 573 and 574 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, ready May 6th and 13th, and with them secure the two engravings and commence Christian Reid's new story.

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Fine stock of **UNDERWEAR**, linen and cambric, for LADIES and CHILDREN; also, FINE IMPORTED and HAND-MADE CORSETS, all offered at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

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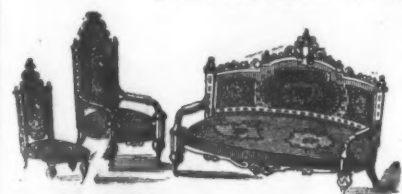
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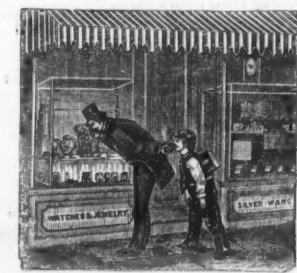
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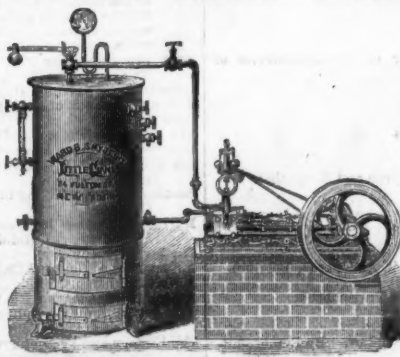
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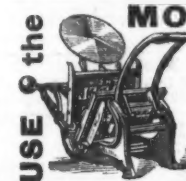
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